Wayside Thoughts

KENNY

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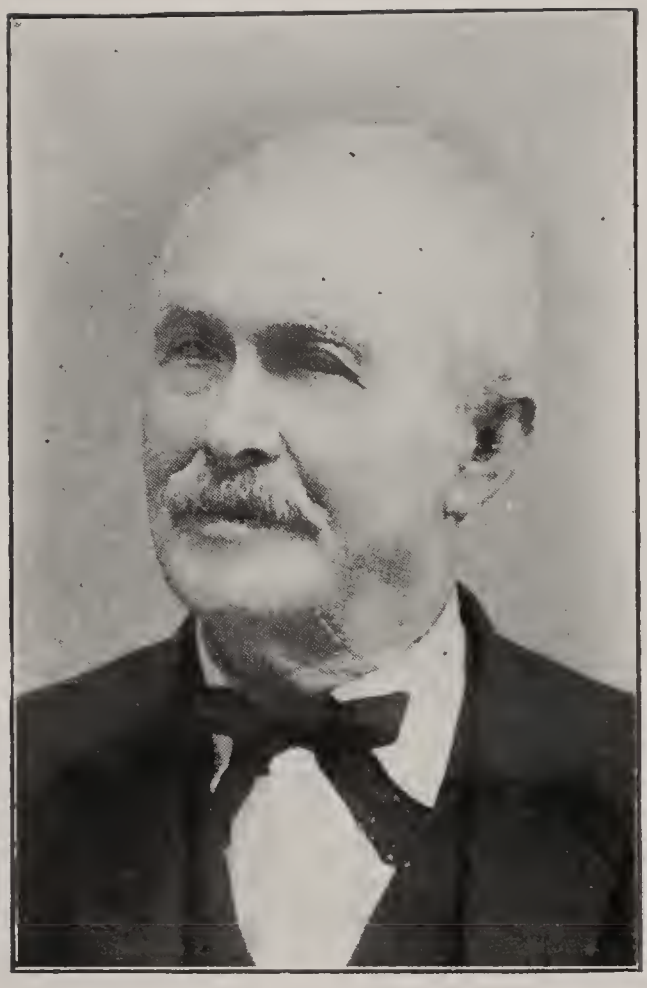

PAT. KENNY.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS

BY

PAT KENNY

"I awake and sigh
And sleep to dream till day,
Of the truth that gold can never buy
Of the baubles that it may."

—POE

"'Tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
The right of thought, our best and only place
Of refuge, this at least shall still be mine."

—BYRON

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WAYSIDE THOUGHTS

INTRODUCTION.

When writing these Wayside Thoughts, I had no idea that they would appear in book form. I wrote them hastily and carelessly to while away time, and for the moment play, in a small way, the part of a wise philosopher. A man's mind is a world in itself, and he has to enjoy it as best he may; one hour gathering dead flowers of memory, another loitering by streams that sing to him of green fields far away, or picking up thoughts by the wayside, as a child would pick up enamelled shells washed in by the sea. I am now in my 74th year, back in my native Valley, among the playmates of my boyhood, recalling old pleasures, and weeping at times over the triumph of injustice.

I do not claim for these thoughts of mine originality—mind has no originality—for the idea that reveals to one man some grand discovery had passed across the vision of another man's soul hundreds of years before. I claim only the pleasure they have afforded me, and all the errors they possess.

In every word lies a deep sincerity, and truth as far as I understand it. Whether they live or die, these Wayside Thoughts are mine, and I love them for their very pleasant companionship.

P. K.

CHAPTER I

SIMPLICITY AND HOME.

Simplicity in thought and word can best portray whatever is beautiful and sublime. It is a virtue in which the mind enjoys the utmost freedom. Without it there can be no winsome grace—nothing to delight the eye or enrapture the heart. Oratory without it may have a passing charm for the ear, but cannot touch the soul. It is in simplicity that poetry soars up among the starlit glories of night to the throne of God, or breathes the most tender strains of love, home and childhood. What so sweet and touching as a mother's song? When the stars are adreaming, and the midnight winds are hushed by the angel of silence, do we not love to hear her low sweet voice singing to our listening souls? Is there not a pathos in the "untaught minstrelsy" of lowly life that cannot be found elsewhere?

"It is not in the loftiest tree
The sweetest song birds nestle."

Simplicity lies close to the bosom of nature and feels every throb of her loving heart. In ballad, poetry is at home, where there is no

effort at display—nothing but the natural flow of feeling fresh and pure from the living fountain.

The angels of heaven love to contemplate the simplicity of Jesus Christ. His birth at Bethlehem was the prelude to the divine harmony that has been rolling and will forever roll through the aisles of time and eternity. The life at Nazareth must have been very simple and graceful, and there it was that the foundation of true Christian Civilization was laid. Simplicity characterized every thought, word and action of Christ. His philosophy, so childlike, was the perfection of all the graces, and so inexhaustible that all other systems of philosophy were, in everything relating to human happiness, here and hereafter, anticipated by it. Simplicity is the inner light of truths; it is also the beauty of pure true love.

HOME.

Language would be incomplete without the word home. It expresses the idea of intense love, joy and sorrow, and next to heaven is dearest to the heart. However humble it may be, it comes up from sunny childhood the greenest spot of memory. Home is a world in itself with its laws, manners and proprieties, all defined by parental authority and moral maxims.

In the pure home work is worship, and the simple duties of life bring to the undeveloped mind the kindly light of intelligence. The good father with manly fortitude conquers the predominant faults that life may be a blessing to his wife and children, while the good mother sacrifices self to love that by its tender influence she may lead her dear ones on the pathway of duty. Every day has its alloted work for all. The Children grow up in childlike simplicity; their enjoyments are rational and pleasant, and their intercourse at work or play is kindly and courteous. Pride has no place among them, and not one of those evils that tend to imbrute mankind, has ever cast a shadow on the whiteness of their souls. It is in the everyday little acts of kindness and pleasant words that one can see down into the clear depths of pure, home culture.

In this world of ours afflictions are sure to come. A son or daughter is stricken down with a serious disease. The good family is not fearful, they accept the visitation with the deepest reverence and humbly kiss the hand that smites. Love and sorrow, twin sisters of compassionate mercy, sit by the couch of the dying one until the agony of the family goes out from its Gethsemene to the Cross. Family religion has tri-

umphs of its own, too pure and sacred to be known outside the consecrated home.

In after years there is another affliction. A young man goes out into the world—into the turbulent, pitiless world. The old home love soon leaves his heart as the spirit of evil enters it, and memory that ought to be a blessing, has to be destroyed that it may not be a demon of torture. Evil association produces disbelief, and so the moral ruin of the young man is soon effected. A day may come when his mother will reclaim him. His obdurate heart shall be subdued by the old home love, and the hand of sorrow will lead him back to the fold. Home influences never die. Though lost for a time some pitying angel will restore them to light, when least expected, and a mother's tears will turn them into rays of heavenly glory.

One night, many years ago, I sat on the shore of Lake Huron, pondering the past, and contrasting it with the present. Dark thoughts—darker than the starless night around me—were in my soul, and I prayed that some lethean spirit would come and annihilate my memory. I tried to forget the past—to forget God, and I made up my mind that night to drop into the eternal void. There was no light in my mind, no hope in

my heart. I could hardly call up an illusion of death. A voice came out on the night winds that startled me. I listened, a woman was singing in a house close by, and the song was one my mother sang for me in the days gone by. The voice too was so like hers. Thus it was my mother came back into my heart, and from the fountain of repentant love touched by her pure soul, tears of passionate joy rolled down my cheeks. The darkness of the night left me—the loneliness, the despair, all vanished, and the home of my youth in all its dear old loveliness came back to my heart, to gladden my thoughts and to bless all my dreams. Surely a mother's love keeps a light ever burning in the window for her poor, outcast child who may lose his way.

We need such home culture as will make the homes of people cheerful and happy, where young and old can have free access to pure, clean literature, and to the beauty, if not the bounty, of generous nature. Home ought to be the cradle of pleasant memories, and the sacred shrine of pure love and unsullied truth. Simplicity should be the guardian of all the domestic graces and virtues.

May God bless the homes of the people. Home, sweet home—home here and home in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

A REVERIE.

A few days ago I came across this wail of a doubting soul: "It is so hard to believe in the light of another world that sends no ray into the gloom of this." Often, indeed, have I thought so. Many and many a time have I looked for a rent in the clouds overhead, and when the world closed its door in my face have I sought the lightless chamber of despair. When deceived by those I trusted, when every hope was false to me, faith dropped dead in my soul, and my heart was forced to feast on its own bitter agony. When today I look inward on the grim skeleton of a wasted life and see the wreck and ruin around, I ask myself what shall be the end of all—ask if my illusions and myself are to be annihilated in death?

I am sitting by the Guyandotte in a bend of the river; cliffs overhang the spot wreathed with kindly evergreens, while on the other side is an opening lawn, to which the mountains gently shelve down. I am pleased; my poor weary heart is restful, and my mind goes away to the home of my youth. Is not this a ray of light from a better world to this sad world of unrest?

I go back to the past, weep at the grave of my mother and thank God for my sorrow. I pity the man or woman who, at a mother's grave can doubt. My faults and my follies, my sufferings and misfortunes appear before me, and I ask myself: Who is the author of these? I answer: Lord, it is I. Is not this also a ray of light from a better world?

Looking on the flowing Guyandotte I think of my native land and the beautiful river that flows through the Valley of my childhood. What legends and traditions belong to that Valley! It is the abode of song and the Avondhu a river of inspiration. Music has not in all this wide world a more lovely home, nor echo a softer, sweeter voice. What is it that gives to my poor country hope and inflames her soul with a lofty patriotism that smiles at danger and defies death? What but the bright consciousness of a world beyond this, where truth and justice reign, and love and mercy keep watch over the treasury of God.

A green grave in that far off Valley has been transferred to my heart, and there I see at times the transfiguration of one who in heaven is weaving a chaplet for my brow of the long vanished dreams of my life. In that dear Valley I have

prayed and wept for liberty. I followed the "splendid phantom" across the ocean and found but a skeleton, richly veiled before which thoughtless people bowed down in worship. Liberty! there is no liberty but in truth and justice—there is no nobility but in humanity disciplined and educated in mercy and charity. In my boyhood I was free and happy—in my manhood I cast from me the light of reason and fettered my soul with rusty illusions. Age has brought me calmer reflections. I love freedom and hate restraint, and still find among the hills and streams many a pleasant retreat. Nature is around me and in her glorious shades I learn the purest philosophy, and study the divine poetry from which true art draws its inspiration. The streams are the minstrels of God that sing to me the songs of a world beyond this.

"Is there never a chink in the world above,
Where they listen to words from below?"

So sings a sweet, sad minstrel. O yes, there's a chink where the ear of God is ever listening. He takes up every wail of the heart and blends it with the harmonies of heaven. He preserves each sigh for the minstrel angels of the night and rejects only the discords produced

by hatred, selfishness and other malignant spirits of evil.

There is rest for all. When the mind is childish, and loves the color of those old dreams that mantled the mountains long ago—when the heart holds to its cold, slow pulse the faded morning-glory of its life, and tries to forgive and forget—it is time to turn in with the other sleepers and fall to sleep. Rest! there is rest for all—rest and peace.

Flow on thou beautiful Guyandotte! I love to hear the rippling song of thy waves; the silent anthem of the mountain forests, and the evening hymn of the birds when the sun is going down the western slopes to rest. Flow on—so flows with its memories the stream of my life to the endless sea—the unseen shoreless sea of the infinite. Farewell, noble stream! this may be my last reverie on thy banks—my next may be on the other shore where "God is love and Love is Heaven."

CHAPTER III.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

Crossing the Atlantic some forty-seven years ago from Liverpool, England, to New York, in midwinter, we had many of the vicissitudes experienced in a voyage at that season of the year. There were about five hundred passengers on board, all healthy, and with few exceptions young. I remember well my last look at the beautiful green isle of my birth—the agony of the heart, and the memory of loved ones I left there in sorrow. Others also had their sorrows on board the Lady Franklin, but soon we got over all that, and our intercourse became pleasant and agreeable. Among the many young ladies of our company, there was one who had done all she could to make others cheerful as herself. She was well educated and refined, and when a calm night came, would sing some sweet old home song, and coax others to do the same. She was a good storyteller, and had a rich supply of old legends and gloomy traditions of her race. She was loved by all, was kindly disposed and most attentive to the few old people with us. In truth Kate McCaura was Queen, and not one insubordinate or rebellious subject had she on board.

One night some sad recollection kept me awake; I got up and went to the quarter deck; the night was cold, the moon looked troubled and the sky had a gray, unpleasant aspect. Close to the Capstan, Kate and a noble looking young man named D'arcy were in close conversation.

They stood up to receive me as I approached, and for the few moments we were together, I could see plainly that they were lovers. D'arcy had passed through the Dublin University with honor, and, like many young men educated there, was an ardent patriot. He had been in America before, for a short time, but long enough to study the government and institutions of the country. He would in the future, "come weal, come woe," make his home in the great, young Republic. Kate was of his class, an ardent republican also; I became a friend of both.

The ocean is the great school of meditation, the one place where the heart loves to brood over sacred memories, and where sorrow comes to sing her sweetest songs to the weeping soul. Often did Kate, D'arcy and I sit day or night on the quarter deck speaking of our hopes and the grand possibilities before us. What recollections would spring up in our minds, of home, of the mountains and valleys we had left behind. First

love is the truest, and home love will forever and ever be the deepest in the human heart.

On Christmas eve, Kate McCaura sang for D'arcy and me one of Griffin's Sweet Songs. She had hardly finished when the Captain told us to go to our apartments and make everything secure, as a storm was approaching. He requested me to take charge of two young English ladies, sisters, which I readily consented to do. The storm struck the ship at 8 p. m. I thought every plank was crushed to pieces. It was as if all the forces of nature united had dealt us a blow from which there could be no recovery. Every sail was furled, and the ship was tossed by the mad waves rushing at her like fiends. With great difficulty and no little danger I made my way on all-fours into the hall leading from the officer's apartments to the main deck. The sky, the sea, the noise of the waters, the shrieks of the wind through the cordage, all overawed me, but as I felt that death was inevitable, I resolutely made up my mind for the worst that could befall. To my young English friends I spoke cheerfully, and then and there learned for the first time a lesson worth knowing—that in giving consolation to others we receive consolation ourselves. Call this compensation, if you please, I only know it

as a precious favor bestowed on us by God. The storm continued with very few intermissions until about noon of the next day after Christmas. I could not pray—an ejaculation would now and then escape from my soul. I had done my duty to my two fair friends, and left the rest with God. The day after the storm I went on deck, D'arcy came to me excited. O, so haggard! Kate, he told me, was dashed out of her berth against a stanchion, and received a dangerous contusion in the left side from which she could not recover. I went down with poor D'arcy to see her; death was dreaming on her white brow, and her lips were slowly moving. She recognized me, and as I bowed my head close to hers, she said: "The dream is over—all for the best. If you ever return to the old home-land, kiss the shore for me, and give to her my love." I retired and left her with D'arcy. In a few moments he called me; my English friends so lovingly devoted to her, were with me. A smile passed over Kate's face as she looked at us, and with her beautiful hand against D'arcy's face, she died. Died on mid-ocean between the land of her love and the land of her hope. No maidens to deck the couch with the flowers of the valley, or sing

the wild Coronach of her race above the beloved dead.

We silently watched through the night by the bier on which she lay—O how sorrowfully and how silently! and when the broad daylight came she was borne out on deck. I read the burial service at sea! the plank was raised by the weeping sailors, and the body enveloyed in canvas was dropped into the sobbing sea.

I left Hugh D'arcy to himself for the remainder of the day and next night. His grief would bear no intrusion, for sorrow, when pure and deep, loves solitude. At night I took to the quarter-deck to think or dream. The ocean was henceforth sacred to me. Her grave! Every wave was a messenger from her, and the weird winds sang through the night a solemn requiem for her departed soul. Poor D'arcy! what his reflections were I knew not—the angels of God only could know. Next day I met him; he was calm and noble in his bereavement. He greeted me with a smile that pierced my heart, for sorrow smiles when the idea of immortality brings relief. He stretched out his hand towards the waters astern, and in a low, sad tone said, "Her grave!" I took his hand in mine, my eyes turned to the direction of his and I re-

peated the words, "Her grave!" adding "the sea will give up its dead, we will all meet again."

I never saw such majesty in man as in D'arcy during the remainder of the voyage. "I would go back" said he to me one day "to Europe and enter one of the armies, but she would not approve it. Would you believe it, when I walk the deck at night I feel her presence near me: it gives me strength of faith and purifies and exalts my mind." He had no definite course marked out for him, nor had I. Two days after landing we separated—drifted far apart, he northward and I to the South. Did we ever meet again? We did—you shall know how and when.

I was in New Orleans next year, and from there went to Texas. I was wishing for adventure, and had all I could desire in the Lone Star State. At San Antonio, one day in conversation with a cavalry officer, I learned that Hugh D'arcy was in the third U. S. cavalry, and was pleased to hear him highly spoken of. We had been drifting apart farther and farther. I remained two years in Texas, went back to New Orleans and was in Old Virginia when the war of secession came on. I joined the Confederate army. The day after the battle of Chan-

celorsville a staff officer informed me that a countryman of mine, a Union soldier and prisoner, was dying close by. I went to see him. He had been dangerously wounded in a cavalry skirmish. When he saw me he spoke my name and smiled. It was Captain Hugh D'arcy. Some of the old army officers recognized him and were very kind to him. "You remember," said he, "the voyage across the Atlantic and the burial at sea?" I told him that I did, and never would forget it. Even dying he had a soldierly noble appearance. "I am going to Kate," said he. "Nothing could separate us. She has been my life, my love, my guardian angel. I was true to the old Flag, it was the only Flag that represented liberty, and it was true to our people. I am dying, the end of this life is near to me; the beginning of the life eternal is at hand." He gave me his hand. "Good by, and God bless you," he said, and as he was closing his eyes forever on this earth, I whispered: "Remember me to Kate." He nodded his head and died. We buried him close by—gave him a brave soldier's grave. A few lingered awhile to take a last sad look at his resting place. I sat there until far into the night, speaking to my

soul of the sorrows of life and the freedom that death brings. I pressed my face to his grave, thought of Kate's in the deep Atlantic—and wept.

CHAPTER IV

FORGOTTEN TRUTHS.

It is in the nature of the human mind never to be at rest, to be always seeking for something new, and reaching for what is beyond its ken. In looking for a short cut through time man often leaves behind him the beacon light of safety and stumbles into dark places. Nations rise and fall into dust, races rule and perish, and the language of the earth's most ancient monuments speaks only of life and death. The life history of those nations and races is lost in everlasting forgetfulness, and the oldest memorials of Egypt reveal to us no more of human thought or human action than does the rocky cliff against which wind and water have been beating for unknown centuries. Warrior kings who appalled the world in their day are no longer remembered, and armies that shook the earth with their tread, are turned up by the plow for the sower.

The monumental fragments of those ancient nations show that physically and intellectually they were our superiors. Their destruction was caused by rejecting truths flashed out by God from time to time on this world. "They loved

darkness better than light because their deeds were evil." They were proud and haughty, despised the poor and trampled on justice. They lived for time and had forgotten eternity.

The difference between ancient and modern nations was made by Christianity. The death of Christ shook the foundation of the Roman empire. The early church was consecrated to God and humanity in the blood of the martyrs, and when the empire fell Christianity appeared leading by the hand into its fold the barbarians who trampled on the diadems of the Cæsars. The age of faith was prolific of good men and noble deeds, who had not forgotten the truths of God. But man can never remain satisfied. Pride, haughty and exacting, seduced from faith and duty those who should have remained loyal. One by one the truths of God were forgotten, and the spirit of justice fled the world. Tyrant fought against tyrant, religion became enslaved, and might worshipped as right. The reign of terror came, and the oppressors of the world, the foes of God, were overawed.

After all these changes one would reasonably think that the rulers of the earth would pursue a course less offensive to justice and more in harmony with the spirit of peace. A change has

taken place, to be sure, but not such as is most needed. In society everywhere the upper crust sparkles with diamonds, and has a cheerful, brilliant appearance, but if we go down under the surface what do we behold? Poverty, want and every kind of destitution. Humanity is imbruted by covetousness and the worst passions are fostered of class against class. If common sense were honored, rich and poor could live as good neighbors mutually assisting and respecting one another. It is not by legislation, nor church influence, necessary reference can be effected; nor is it by political effort that justice can be established, but by seeking for the long-forgotten truths of God. Let us beware, God is patient, but what can even divine patience do for those who are bent on their own destruction? In the simple rules and precepts given us by Christ, we can find the lost inheritance. "Seek and ye shall find."

If from the pulpit we would hear less of controversy, less of labored disquisitions on abstract theology, and more of the admonitions and maxims of the Savior, so long forgotten, it would have a tendency to improve the morals and take from the heart of society the evils eating at its core.

The most necessary truths have been forgotten because only such have been presented to us as would not disturb human interests. If we take up the Bible, we will find in it those forgotten truths; they will flash on our souls with light divine; they begem every page as stars begem the sky at night. It is vain to ask God to save us, as he has made known to us the way by which we can save ourselves. We must work in humanity for human salvation. It was thus Christ worked on earth. The ear of God is closed against the prayer of the hypocrite. If we make a foundation of human skulls cemented by human blood and tears, for a new order of civilization, let us look out. The ghost of Babylon stalks the earth.

The forgotten truths will come to us when we are ready and willing to receive them. They are the peace ambassadors of God to the nations. They will make us Christ-like in meekness, in obedience, in self-denial, and in love.

"Seek and ye shall find."

CHAPTER V

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Before the War of Secession the United States was a truly democratic country. The manners and customs of the people were in keeping with the principles of Government, and there was no time given to pomp or ostentation. The people were as nearly like-minded as it was possible for them to be, and there was almost a child-like desire among them for harmless jokes and fun, that kept the mind cheerful. In those days there were neighbors with neighborly feelings and attachments which made life as happy as if there was no such thing as evil in the world. The old people loved to meet and go over the stories of pioneer life and the great events of American history. When sickness or death visited a community the finest sympathies of nature were brought into action, and each felt keenly the affliction of the other. There were those, of course, who had genealogies, who claimed a grand ancestry, and fretted because God had not given them an Adam of their own, but without such contrasts, plain simple people would be at a loss to know their own worth. If

there were no high-headed fools in the world, clear-minded people would not know themselves. Hospitality was a cardinal virtue in those days, and the door that had not the latch string outside was shunned as leading to darkness. The home-circle was never complete unless it had a visitor or stranger to add to its pleasure, with a good song or story. The spinning wheel and loom were in almost constant use, and some of the most delightful courtships accompanied the whirring of the wheel. By the way, courtship was then a reality that would make the heart bound with joy, and give to the eye a brilliancy unknown in these degenerate days. There were no set rules, no perfumed nonsense, no silly bowing and scraping, no idiotic phrases, but a courtship untrammeled by cold formalities or silly prudery, and as free as nature could make it. Wouldn't it be amusing to see a dude step up to one of those stalwart girls, with arms and muscles strong and plaint, and a general physical development that would make a trained pugilist chew the cud before he would dare to tread on her corns. She would play with her dude as with a kitten, and laugh herself sick at the new freak of nature.

Muster day was a glorious yearly event. Every man was then a soldier from his toe nails to the crown of his head, and every woman having husband or lover decked out in military toggery, felt as proud as an empress—and a hundred times bigger. But the Fourth of July was the day of days. If there was no barbecue, there was always plenty of hard cider and gingerbread. It was the great national day when every man imagined himself a George Washington, and every woman, young or old, a goddess of liberty.

The War of Secession came, and with it a disastrous change. Before then United States senators and congressmen, nearly all distinguished for great ability, could be seen every day walking to the Capitol. After the war, poor, third-class statesmen—war drift washed in by a tide of blood—rode to the Capitol in splendid equipages, horses richly caparisoned and housings of burnished gold or silver. Before the war the President lived like a humble citizen in the White House: after the war the courtly customs of European monarchy were introduced, and the White House had its guard of honor. After the war came pride and fashion among the people—the foolish people, and our young women gave themselves up to all the frivolities

that could be devised. Young men rejected the simple ways of their fathers and the man or woman was admired more for what the tailor or dressmaker had done for either, than for what God had done.

To be sure we are better educated, but the more educated we are the more worthless we are. We learn history and civil government, hygiene and physiology, but we never study the elementary principles of true manhood or womanhood. Labor is dishonor, and honesty will soon be among the lost arts.

Ours is not merely a case of degradation—it is downright degeneracy. We are artifical, there is no health in us. We dress in defiance of nature; we eat adulterated food, and poison every thing we use, and stuff ourselves with patent medicines—and for what? To make money and kill one another.

If we go back to the better days, behind the sixties of this century, and love and work and live as the men and women of those days did, a true, noble American manhood and womanhood will be fully restored to the country.

May it be so.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SABBATH DAY.

That the Sabbath is a divine institution is a fact well established by experience and the willing assent of mankind. Every language in the world has the week, just as we understand it, and this in itself goes far to show the universality of the rule. Bacon says: "The three objects of philosophy are God, nature and man." To leave God out would be to deny him. Man has to labor for his daily bread, and the wisdom of this divine command is seen in daily necessities. But man requires rest, and to meet this want one day of the seven was set apart for that purpose. Nature requires rest also, and enjoins it on that day with man. On the Holy Sabbath God invites the soul to come to him from the cares and annoyances of the world, to listen to his admonitions, to join the angels of heaven in praise and adoration; to participate in the peace and love of the family and take such harmless recreation as would be conducive to simple, social pleasure.

Free thinkers are not willing to accept the Sabbath as a divine institution, and insist on

treating it as an open question; and there are Christians who, though not disputing the divine origin of the institution, nevertheless treat it with cold indifference, as a dead letter no longer binding on conscience.

Under the Mosaic dispensation there were two classes of Sabbatarians, both of which have come down the ages to our time. One would honor the Sabbath day in a decorous, rational manner; the other would make it a gloomy day, placing senseless restriction on every thought, word and deed, and throw a black pall over everything cheerful in nature. This pious class was known as the "Pharisees," and severely condemned by the "Lord of the Sabbath" himself on more than one occasion. The two classes exist today; the long-faced austere Pharisee is of the orthodox type; the other of the Apostolic type, who would keep the holy day with sunny smile and cheerful words in church or out of it. To him the day is one of freedom from the noisy turbulence of the world; from the "loss and gain" strife of coveteousness. He enjoys the day as of the Lord, and pours out his gratitude in prayer and praise to Him. He tries to make others happy as himself by letting into the heart as much light as possible. He is ever ready to help

his neighbor lift an ox out of the ditch; thinks it no sin to pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath for a needy child of God, to sing a pleasant song or draw the bow across a violin. He has a loving heart and is thankful to God for the pleasant enjoyment of the Sabbath.

Fenelon one Sunday asked a curate of his, "What did you preach today?" The reply was: "Against the Sunday evening amusements of the people." "What!" exclaimed the good prelate, "Would you have the poor who are forced to incessant labor six days of the week to have no pleasure, no amusement on the one day of the week God has given them!" But is the Sabbath necessary, and is it an institution of the Christian Church? It is necessary as a blessing to labor; necessary as a day on which the soul can hold communion with God; as a day when the down-trodden can forget the crimes that cry to heaven for vengeance and become reconciled to the patient, self-denying example set us by Jesus Christ. It is the day when the temple of religion is open to all, where rich and poor can lay their sorrows on the altar of mercy. It is the one day of the seven when true freedom may be enjoyed by all the world-weary children of God.

It is not right on that holy day to muzzle our youth, like dumb oxen on the threshing floor; to picture God as a tyrant, and in the laugh or song, in rational amusement as natural to man as thought or motion, see heaven-offending crimes. The Christian Church directs and ministers to the whole man or woman spirtual and physical and allows such recreations as will not offend against good morals. Christianity ought not give asylum to the Pharisee condemned and rejected by Christ, nor allow the hypocrite to be the interpreter of the will of God.

The Sabbath is a truly Christian institution, for the Lord, of the Sabbath was the founder and is the glory of the Christian religion. Every principle and ordinance of the Church of God revolves around the Sabbath. Atheism has tried by all the dread forces of evil to destroy it, but it came forth from every ordeal, clear as the sun after a storm. The Sabbath will last until the end of time, and when time shall be no more, it will be blessed and honored in eternity. It is the special day of grace to children who throng our churches and Sunday schools to learn of Him, who was a poor child himself, the lesson of obedience, the sweet, tender duties we owe to father and mother. The Sabbath brings the

grace of God to the consecrated family, and tears of repentance to the homeless sinner, whose memory recalls to him the happy-Sabbath days of his childhood.

The exile in a foreign land hears the Sabbath bell, and home, sweet home, comes into his heart—home with its love, its sorrows and tears. "The friends of his youth and the kin of his birth" he remembers the first time in years, and in agony he bows down his soul and tremblingly asks for the helping hand of Him who was never appealed to in vain.

The Sabbath has nothing dark or repulsive in it. It is the covenant day between God and man. May it be honored and glorified forever with soulful gratitude to the Lord of the Sabbath. On the Sabbath day I love to see the solemn mountains, the valleys and glens, and feel the influence of the sacred hush of nature. The heart of nature is close to the heart of God. The little birds have their Sabbath songs, and the streams also have theirs. In the great temple of nature, the God of nature is truly worshipped, and among its aisles one can hear the harmonies of heaven, for ministrel angels are there unseen.

CHAPTER VII.

DANGER AHEAD.

Long before the days of the Comte de Saint Simon men had given up time and talent to formulate an ideal society, unwise, because impracticable. Prurient philosophy is apt to make mistakes, for the reason that it takes no note of moral and physical conditions, and turns away from the path of experience. Man must be taken as he is in his personal relation to social life, and not in the aggregate where the best aspirations of humanity are lost. One man may not agree with another man in taste or habits, because these are controlled more by association than intelligence, and under all circumstances each will insist on holding to his own free individuality. To restrain and keep within legitimate bounds this individuality, law has been established.

Civil government is not, as some persons would have us believe, a necessary evil, but is on the contrary the most beneficent institution ever devised for the peace and happiness of mankind. It would be as reasonable to say that the family government is a necessary evil imposed on children. Human government is necessarily invested

with authority, and this authority is best conserved by obedience. Under all forms of civil government are to be found people who are unhappy, but how they could acquire happiness without government, I cannot tell. Individual isolation might be suggested as a safe asylum from want and woe, but every man carries his shadow with him, and isolation at best is death.

There are many theories afloat and some of them are not as pacific and humane as that of Saint Simon, which has a touch of romance about it, for instance, the division of the fruits of common labor among all members of society. It reads like an episode of St. Pierre in his Paul and Virginia. There are a good many amiable philanthropists who hug this illusion to their souls. The communist demands that property be common, and that no man shall call anything his own. The modern communist is child of the communist of 1793 with all his brutal and bloody instincts. He would strike out the name of God from the soul of man, abolish the marriage compact and education; decree death an eternal sleep, and virtue and honor unnecessary restrictions on man's natural liberty. Next to the communist comes that incarnation of all crime and wickedness the Nihilist. He adopts all the

bad principles of the communist, is for a general reorganization of society, property common to all and the substitution of materialism for every known system of religion that claims God as its author. The Nihilist believes in the commission of any crime, however cruel, that may further his cause, and adopts assassination as an approved agent in his work. These anarchical societies are not confined to France and Russia. In Germany they have been growing stronger and stronger. Italy is fearfully infested with them, and in England and the United States they have active centres,. The increasing force of materialism among us, so much deplored by our best citizens, gives moral support and encouragement to these human fiends in their propagandism.

People give themselves unnecessary trouble by reflecting on the unequal distribution of the bounties of nature. They grow jealous of their rich neighbors and learn to regard them as enemies. It is true that conditions exist which have a serious tendency to embitter the feelings of many persons, but as long as redress can be had by moral force, by a sensible use of ballot, and by honest, intelligent effort, there can be no justifiable use or excuse for hatred and ill-will.

Coveteousness is, by no means, confined to the rich; it permeates society from the lowest strata to the highest, and it is not uncommon for poor people to oppress and cheat one another.

Too often is heard complaints against this class and some other class, but there is no harm in such arrangement—on the contrary it gives impetus to industry and fosters a noble spirit of emulation. If one man lives in a palace what is that to me as long as my cottage is free from unfriendly intrusion? I can admire the exterior of his mansion as well as he does, and nature reveals her beauty to me as cheerfully and freely as to him. If I keep my cottage clear and clean, I can enjoy it gratefully and pleasantly, can read a book, sing a song, or in any other rational way amuse myself to my heart's content—what more do I need?

The great danger ahead is in the anarchical societies. How are we to act against their menacing encroachments? We must take all our moral strength out into the light and confront soulless materialism to its face. We must be aggressive and crush out those who would lay waste our country and defile the sacred temples of God—the ramparts of our civilization. The rich shall not be despoiled of their possessions,

nor the poor be imburted by those demons of darkness. The people will have to rise up in their might and make known to the world that the law of God and the civil law of society shall continue to be honored and respected in this Republic, Liberty of Conscience shall not be infringed by midnight lawlessness, nor any right of the citizen impaired. Between the palace of the rich man and the cabin of the poor man there shall be no enmity—between the people and the assassins there can be no peace.

It has been often said that crime is the offspring of ignorance. Prison statistics prove that such is not the case. There is no secret society in the world that has more highly educated members than the men and women of the Nihilist Societies. The criminal records of this country show that the most depraved and cruel have been fairly educated. The heart was neglected, and it is an undeniable truth that the principles of the Christian religion are neglected in nearly all our institutions of learning that nothing should interfere with high intellectual culture. We are beginning to know this—beginning to see that free thinking influences have sway, and that too many of our churchmen have succumbed to the evil. Some of our colleges and univer-

sities are being Germanized, and the speculative philosophy of the "Fatherland" has quite a charm for our progressive students.

To make society safe we will have to go down among the plain people, and urge them by every serious consideration to educate the heart as well at the mind and consecrate both to God. Take away the moral forces of the Christian religion and what would our civilization come to? The family is the first school, and there only can be laid the sure foundation of a nation's greatness and glory. The hearthstone must be the corner stone of the temple of our liberty. If society can be brought down to the plain level of common sense, all will be well, if we can be what our fathers and mothers had been, strong physically and morally—strong in faith, truth and love, we will be able to withstand all the powers of darkness.

There is danger ahead, but there is a good God above. These are evils to be subdued. The red hand of anarchy has to be paralyzed, and materialism buried in the lightless dungeon from which it sprung. The manhood and womanhood of this country have precious treasures to preserve. Family truth, purity, honesty and industry will have to be carefully and ten-

derly fostered—without these no nation ever prospered long—with them no nation can ever suffer decay. Religious freedom so much enjoyed and so truly loved we shall never surrender, and the rights of the rich and of the poor, we shall defend to the death. Danger is ahead—but God is with us to bless, shield, and save us.

CHAPTER VIII.

SYLVAN BOHEMIA.

One evening in the summer of 1868, crossing over the Alleghany Mountains, from Pocahontas county, West Virginia to Bath county, Virginia, I was informed that two young men were encamped about a mile or so farther east, near the summit. I turned from the main road following a dim path in the direction and soon came to where they were sitting by a fire. We cordially greeted one another and were soon friends. Robert McFarland and Maurice Leahy, both about the same age—twenty-six or twenty-seven—traveled on foot all the way from New York City. "We have been living in Bohemia," said Leahy, "for two years or so, and agreed a few weeks ago to strike out for these mountains and establish a Sylvan Bohemia of our own, where during the summer we could enjoy nature and take in the pure breath of freedom." Leahy, as he spoke, looked a happy fellow. "You see," remarked McFarland, "we have taken two or three books along, and other things in our way of life; we were heavily loaded, but that was nothing. Mind and heart need recreation and rest, and where these cannot be found there is no happi-

ness. We purchased our outfit, a coffee pot, frying pan and two or three tin cups, together with flour and bacon, at Huntersville. Yesterday Maurice had to hunt up salt and soap, and I succeeded in procuring a very respectable supply of good unadulterated whiskey." We agreed to form an independent Republic of our own—no written constitution, nothing to govern us but the three grand, traditional virtues, honesty, mutual respect and good behavior." There was a comfortable cave or rock house close by, common to all limestone formations, and there I became installed with all appropriate honors a free citizen of Sylvan Bohemia.

Leahy had a good violin and was a fine performer. McFarland was a clever artist, and had a large sketch book, and I was at liberty to take thought on the wing and transfer it to my Wayside note book. I never will forget our first night together in that rock house on the Alleghany. Supper over, we smoked our pipes with an air of social comfort that was certainly charming. It was delightful to look out in the moonlight on the hazy mountains around, the Back Creek valley, and up to the clear sky overhead. Many sad or pleasant memories came to us of departed days and absent friends. Leahy

took out his violin and accompanied the rich, clear voice of McFarland. "A place in thy memory, dearest" was rendered with such thrilling pathos by both that I could hardly repress my tears; I thought of one who sang it long ago for me, and her sigh passed between me and my sorrow. "This," said Leahy, "is what I call living, but after all it is where our kind suffer that the heart feels the only happiness it can know on earth." A sad smile passed over McFarland's face. "True, Maurice," said he, "very true. From here our best sympathies go to mankind; in the city we tire of humanity and sigh for a season of rest in the green bowers of nature. It is best, I think, to love every one and every thing not cruelly unjust, and take the world as we find it here or there." "It is the best we can do," I said, "and the next best thing at present would be a good night's sleep."

Next morning we prepared to go fishing, and employed a boy to hold the fort until our return. We were successful and followed up fishing excursions for many days. Our acquaintance with the people of the valley gave us much pleasure and our visits among them were cordially and kindly received. We travelled over the most interesting parts of Pocahontas, Bath and Highland

counties, and any night we could not find a rock house, we would put up under the wide-spreading branches of a hospitable tree. Our trip was delightful and interesting, and we became so used to out-door life in the mountains, that to us no other mode of living seemed natural or rational.

One evening I asked Leahy for his opinion of Emerson. "He is clever, no doubt," said he, "but I have no room in my heart for any of the transcendental school of philosophy. Take him for your guide, and never will you reach a stage of intelligent development. The songs of those high-soaring birds were never intended for earth, and in heaven they have much better music." "What say you, McFarland?" "O Leahy is about right. Emerson has only style, and a not very commendable one at that. He has isolated himself from humanity and there we shall leave him. Take Carlyle, one whose gnarled, cranky aphorisms and criticisms have set all the literary dupes crazy; why he as dry and lifeless as the dust of an Egyptian mummy. I can see dyspepsia and constipation in almost every sentence of his." I dropped in a word for Dickens, George Eliot and Goldsmith, bringing up the rear with Burns and Longfellow, and we agreed on these. It was evident that my friends

were impressed with the idea that modern thought is having a weak, flimsy coach to drive out in, and that a style less ornate and peculiar would be much more agreeable.

At Valley Mountain in Pocahontas county we walked over the camping ground of Lee's army in 1861. Looking over the magnificent surrounding scenery, McFarland said: "What a pity that hatred and ill will should curse such a glorious country. . The war is over, but I blame the northern abolitionist as well as the southern slave owner for the bloody strife. To hear an abolitionist talk there was no slavery under a white skin. I hate war and I hate everything that tends to create or encourage it."

At Warm Springs my companions were recognized by a few New Yorkers among whom was Mr. Conkling. From there we went to the head of Jackson's river. We were soon in love with the place. Men and women, old and young, frequently visited us. Leahy's violin did good service, and Mac's fine voice wakened up many a gladsome echo. Among our visitors was a beautiful, womanly girl, a native of North Carolina. Leahy admired her; they became friends and soon after lovers.

When the thought of his Bohemian life would come, the poor fellow would try, but try in vain, to shut Mary Ellis from his heart. For two weeks before we broke up camp, we tried to be cheerful as ever, and though violin and voice held on, a shadow lay on our hearts. The hour of parting came. Leahy and McFarland left for New York, and I wandered back to West Virginia. I had a letter from Mac; he told me that Leahy a month after reaching New York, returned to Jackson's river, and near our old rock house found a home more congenial to heart and mind than our Sylvan Bohemia.

One day in 1872, I met Leahy and his wife, and Robert McFarland, in Staunton, Va. I went back to Jackson s river with them, and in early June the four of us started for North Carolina. We took the upper route through southwestern Virginia, and by Bristol, Tenn. The violin was serviceable on the way and McFarland's voice was in excellent condition, kept in good tune by pure moonshine. Lectures were delivered in country places; we were expected in advance, and never disappointed an audience. In one place I lectured against the internal revenue law, and instead of my audience being excited by me, I was inspired and excited by my

intelligent and appreciative hearers. The proof of my success was twelve dollars.

The mountains of North Carolina are magnificent. It is truly the "land of the sky." Peaks pierce the sky 6,000 feet above sea level; gorges of gloomy depth appal the mind, while glens and valleys lie in repose at the base of gigantic mountain ridges. Mary knew the country round about Morganton, and when we came to Glen Alpine she was almost beside herself with joy. And well she might. Never did poet dream in fairer land—never did painter see in any land such diversity of light and shade. Hill and valley gave beauty to the higher mountains; and streams, clear and bright, reflected a sky that seemed a blue veil dropped over the face of heaven. Here the weary mind could find rest, calling up past visions, and playing with the dead flowers of memory. Here also the heart, worn and fretted, could lay down the secret burden of its woes, and sleep to dream of heaven. In such a land there is no death—only a passage from light into shade, and from a shadow into eternal light.

On, on, we hied towards the majestic mountains, and as we entered a little green valley, through which flows a clear stream, Mary

pointed to a neat, comfortable looking cottage house, the home of an uncle of hers. Her parents were dead, and she was an only child. Leahy informed us one morning that his Bohemian life was ended, and that he would open school in mid-autumn. McFarland consented to remain with him as assistant. Both had a good classical and mathematical education. Ever since my great internal revenue lecture, Mary believed in her soul that I was cut out by nature for congress or the church, and honestly urged me to remain and try my luck at either.

I spent two months with my dear friends and left them with sincere regret. I travelled back, alone, by Watauga, striking the fountain head of New River; down that noble stream to Hinton; from there to Raleigh, and on to Wyoming to nurse a sick resolution, forswear allegiance to Sylvan Bohemia, and settle down somewhere on the beautiful Guyandotte.

CHAPTER IX.

CHILDHOOD.

History is chiefly devoted to the rise and fall of nations; to the achievements of man in war or peace, and to the progress or decline of learning, science and the arts. The philosopher in his study of history takes into consideration the childhood of society and begins his reflections at the cradle. It is said that the "noblest study for man is man," but it cannot be intelligent nor complete, if childhood be left out. It is a mistake to regard as historic characters men or women who have in some way or other distinguished themselves in the world, unless the key to their success or failure is sought where in childhood they had been making an embryo history for themselves. A proper appreciation of children in their relation to society is an absolute necessity and ought not to be disregarded.

An educated motherhood is needed. I do not mean by *educated*, a knowledge of languages, or the high-tide culture so much demanded in these days, but a knowledge of womon's duty in society, and of the essential training that would keep the child morally and physically, pure and healthy.

Every mother ought to know the law of God, be deeply impressed with the religious ideas and feel in her heart that she is a consecrated guardian of the life and honor of her country. We very seldom give sufficient thought to child-life. In the mad struggle for ephemeral fame, or in the greedy energy of self-devouring covetousness, we forget the old home, the purling streams and green fields of childhood. We turn away from innocence and truth, and the sweet, simple love that came to us of old fresh and pure from its fountain in a mother's heart. Not until age comes with the white record of years of folly, and our hearts are like extinct volcanoes, do we go back to find the old home in ruins, and the loved ones all asleep in the silent graveyard. We go round the circle and reach the starting place in the silent dust of a mother's grave. "The happiest day of my life," said Napoleon, "was that on which my mother took me to receive my first communion in the little church at Brienne." After so many victories, there on the bloody field of Austerlitz, where fate placed another wreath on his brow, the world's greatest general remembered the days of his boyhood, and the mother who so dearly loved him.

It is our duty to make childhood happy and to

protect it from evil influences. Every word falling from the lips of children should be clean and simple, and if an error occurs, it is the mother's part to gently correct it. Every gesture and motion needs supervision, and the sweet grace of good manners be carefully attended to. Fathers and mothers ought to set a good example by courtesy and kindness to their children. Severity will do no good with little boys or little girls; they should have all the freedom possible, subject, of course, to necessary restrictions. Natural development is at its best, slow, and the hot-house process a very dangerous expedient. Childhood cannot bear rough or rude discipline; within the body there is a mind that requires time for the growth and expansion of every faculty, and simple thought and simple language can best lead it into healthy exercise.

It is a great wrong to force children of six or seven years to the slavish drudgery of poring over dead books, at a time when outdoor exercise is so much required. This mode of education is pernicious, as it has a bad effect on the tender, nervous system. Before eight years, studies should be intermittent, and only such lessons taught as would be agreeable and pleasant. There is time enough through the adoles-

cent period for healthy intellectual development. Forced education is not good, and at any period "*cramming*" is an intollerable infliction. By all means let justice be done our young people, and let them not be deprived of their natural, necessary freedom.

In the family woman can do much good; she controls the future, and can make or mar a nation's glory. Religion without her aid can do but little for civilization, and without religion she can accomplish no good. Did not Christ think so when he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." Women are always willing to co-operate with the servants of God in doing his work. They will lead their little ones to the inviting Master and ask his blessing and protection for them. Childhood is most happy when Christ has a place in the family.

Cornelia, a noble Roman lady, the great mother of the Gracchi, embracing her two little boys, said to some ladies: "Behold my jewels!" May the Christian mothers of this land, embracing their children, be always able to exclaim: "Here, beloved country, are our jewels, consecrated to the glory of God and the good of humanity."

CHAPTER X.

THE SHINBONE RUN DEBATING SOCIETY.

America leads the world in debating societies and in every state, and almost every county, one is sure to be found. Whether they originated in the days of Plato, when his principles of philosophy were discussed in the garden of Academus, I am unable to say. While knowledge and truth were the chief, perhaps the only questions discussed by the Platonic Society, in our literary debating societies everything is taken up of which the mind can have any cognizance, from the midnight perambulations of a flea to the astronomical treasures entombed in Cheops.

On Shinbone run, a beautiful tributary of the Marsh fork of Cole River, we resolved not to be behind the times, and with the aid of illustrious friends from adjacent little cities, we organized a literary debating society of our own, with winter hall and summer campus, each in its season ready for intellectual use. It must not be imagined that because we had no College or University graduates, with Latin diplomas, among us we were in the dark. We had each a few books which we often read, and if we were not well up in current literature, we had a fair supply of that

poorly appreciated commodity called Common Sense. We had, to be sure, some loud bursts of eloquence from our professional patrons, that forcibly struck the ear and died there. Those gentlemen from time to time honored us, and of course expected to "astonish the natives," with their Attic grandeur, and often left us in bad temper cursing our Gothic strength and unpolished manners. Shinbone run is now so well known that a man or woman hailing from it is regarded all over the country as a prodigy. We have discarded the use of modern grammar and like all progressive people, make rules of our own, which cannot be violated with impunity.

The winter season of 1897 was to open on the evening of the first Friday in November; and early in October the Committee of Arrangement met to begin work. Sukey Clinch and Bethsaida Hooks were appointed to clean out and decorate the hall. Some of our prominent ladies were not at all pleased with the appointment and reluctantly yielded assent. A quartette was invited from Clear Creek, and promised to be present; the old Hazey stringed band was secured and nothing was left undone to make the opening evening of the season a grand success. The important question was at length sprung:

"What shall be the subject of debate? Fred Muler struck it: "Resolved that the North Pole belongs to the United States, and we are ready to fight for it." Notices were sent far and near, and the best talent was to come to the front. The Bible, history, encyclopedias and reports of polar expeditions—all were ransacked. Imagination had a wide field before it and promised to be the most potent factor in the contest. Never did the Aurora borealis have its dominion so dangerously menaced. One member of the society thought the question was too far off, and an indignant sister declared it was sheer nonsense to lose so much time, and all about an old rotten stick. "We must have the North Pole" insisted Zack Adams. "I will never rest easy until I see Old Glory flying from it."

With the evening came a big crowd, and fears were entertained of a lack of room. The Hazy Creek violins and banjos gave us excellent music and the quartette from Clear Creek sang as if inspired. At the appointed time Mose Swigger took the chair and called on the Rev. Obadiah Mink to offer up a prayer. There was lightning in the good, holy man's eyes and big thunder on on his brow. A hush fell over all, while the prayer was soaring up. Obadiah in his excite-

ment roared out. "O Lord, we are all in the dark on this pole question. Give us light to see if it is worth seeing, and if it cannot add liberty and glory to our country, have it chopped down and pitched into hell." Sam Cooney asked permission to make a few preliminary remarks. "I have," said he, "to inform you that there is no North Pole. I looked the Bible through, and consulted Dr. Talmage's books and not a word did I find about it. I propose we debate something else." For more than an hour there was confusion about the location of the pole, the material of which it is made and the cause of its being driven in the lower end of the earth. The confusion increased and while Rufus Kimble was making a patriotic speech in favor of securing the pole as a roost for the great American Eagle, a cry of fire was heard. There was a rush for the door, and all escaped. Whether the North Pole question will be taken up by some other society I know not, but this I do know—the North Pole will go up or down in history associated with the last night of the Shinbone Run Debating Society.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Underlying all social life is the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Without this there could be no unity, and without unity there could be no universal law of justice. Moses had an inspired conception of this truth when he proclaimed that the land belonged to Almighty God. On this fundamental principle the civil institutions of the Jewish nation were established. It is not necessary to go so far back to study the subject of land tenure, but it is necessary that we fully investigate present social systems and conditions so as to know if they agree in any way with first principles.

Blackstone defends the old feudal distribution of land as a necessary act, and justifies the division of the people into two classes—the aristocratic and the servile. When God created man he bound himself by the act to provide him with ample means of sustenance, and this he has done. "The earth he has made for the children of men." The Mosaic law recognized God as the owner, and the children of Israel as limited possessors. The people could claim the use

from it—nothing more, and that is all that can be justly claimed today.

Under the Christian dispensation, the Mosaic law holds good—all but the ceremonial part—and Christ tells us that not one jot or tittle of it should pass away until all be fulfilled. In Christian ethics, there is no arbitrary exclusiveness, and he only is deemed worthy of honor who, for the good of man, has nobly and unselfishly labored with heart and mind. Feudal might cannot abrogate the divinely established rights of man.

That God created all men free and equal is demonstrated by the fact that Jesus Christ made no destinction between man and man, but regarded all as brothers. The mission of Christ embraced, among other works of his, the leveling of all offensive distinctions, and laying the the foundation of civilization in brotherly love. Whence came the social distinctions which so painfully confront us today? Not surely from God, for social extremes of wealth and poverty, of power and dependence are subversive of peace and good will. Civilization is defined to be the uplifting of society to the highest possible standard of intellectual, moral and physical excellence, but when the bounties of nature are

not equitably distributed this cannot be accomplished. All human rights are derived from God, and these rights no man or body of men can surrender without inflicting injury on society at large. One man tills the soil, another man seizes on the product of his labors. Land and labor are the two great primary elements of industrial wealth, and no man has any right to appropriate to himself the product of another man's labor. St. Paul says: "The husbandman must be the first partaker of the fruits of his labor." Some of our learned economists tell us that Paul's maxims might do for Timothy, but in our advanced state of modern social progress they would not do.

Human life derives its sustenance from the land, but if the land is claimed and controlled by a few who contribute nothing by mental or physical labor to the support of society, do they not also control labor? Nor can anything be produced from the land without their consent. This surely would, if anything could be, a usurpation of the authority of Almighty God. Man can claim as his own what his labor has honestly brought him. This God allows him to have, but woe to the man who claims as his own what God has never given him. First principles are com-

ing to the front. The people have chosen God as their leader, and who can withstand the might of his justice.

There is one evil more fearful than all others, resulting from long existing unjust social conditions. It would be a serious mistake to overlook it. There are many, O, so very many persons who think that the existence of a supreme being is doubtful, and religion a melancolly illusion, because injustice and oppression have been allowed to rule the world so long. This is the cause of so much crime—crimes that are appalling in their nature and destructive in their results. Is not this in itself enough to urge the patient, honest people to unite for the common good? Before the common law and above it, is the law of God. "Love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them in like manner." "God," says John Ruskin, "has lent us the earth. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us, and we have no right by anything we do or neglect to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of benefits which it is in our power to

bequeath. "The right to the use of the earth," says William Lloyd Garrison, "if it means anything, means the equal right of all the inhabitants of the globe." The exclusive right of property in the soil is the source of all social suffering and disorders, against which manhood has to contend.

Labor, however applied, is honorable, and the wage earner in shop, factory or mine has rights which he cannot surrender. His compensation cannot be meted out by that cold-blooded rule of supply and demand. Labor is the creator of industrial wealth, and what it creates must be subordinate to it. It has the right to resist every encroachment on its dominon, and to protect its freedom and independence. The palace shall not stand between the workingman's doorway and the sun, and the profits of labor shall afford descent garments to the poor man's wife as well as to the rich man's wife. Labor demands neat, happy homes where taste and intelligence can be fostered.

Labor unions are necessary; they are the best safeguards of national honor. In union there in strength. Civilization cannot exist where anarchy in gold, and stiletto anarchy confront each other.

Between the two, labor stands. It stands for justice against injustice, for truth against falsehood, for education against ignorance, for liberty against slavery—for the glory of God and the Rights of Man.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENTLEMAN.

There is no appellation given personally to man more generally used and so little understood as that of Gentleman. There seems to be no rule by which it can be intelligibly defined, though the word has in itself the fullest measure of meaning. In what is called the higher class of society, it has an arbitrary meaning, and exclusive application, while among the common people it is used, not so much to designate a superior quality as to give expression to loose admiration. The aristocratic definition of gentleman is: "A man well bred and of good blood." This is the born gentleman. But as far as good breeding goes, the rich man's child is not better bred than the poor man's child—in fact not so well. The poor man's child is not denied access to its mother's breast—that pure "fountain of love and life." There is no natural nobility in one that the other does not possess, and the blood of a Plantagenet or Tudor, chemically analyzed, is not purer nor richer than that flowing through the veins of the poor man toiling for his daily bread.

In society at large, the gentleman is one who dresses well, has studied Chesterfield's principles of politeness, wears every day a shirt immaculately white, is a fluent, up-to-date talker of local scandal, a warm admirer of yellow covered literature, and abhors labor. The aristocratic gentleman comes down to us panoplied by feudal power—an inheritance of shame. Our society gentleman is a nondescript picked up by a fashionable tailor and blocked out as a man. His intellect and moral worth have worn themselves out on a cheap mirror. From these two has sprung the dude—that epitome of every thing silly and soulless in degenerate human nature—a living libel on creation, too harmless to have an enemy and too insignificant to have a friend.

There are, however, gentlemen in society, who are a blessing to it; and here it may be well to give a proper definition of the term. A gentleman is one who never inflicts by word or deed pain on others, and who does all in his power to please and make every one about him happy. Such men are found where Christian duty is more than a mere sentiment, and human nature is invested with the spirit of consecrated fraternity. Gentlemen of this type are common

among the toiling millions, sympathetic and kind, and ever ready to do a generous deed with heart and hand.

Ancient chivalry was instituted by a few Norman peasants, and the order now seemingly obsolete, is modestly perpetuated by the working people. The clasp of the horny hand of our true gentleman is soft and tender as a woman's when ministering to the weak and helpless. High culture may be neglected by him, but charity he loves and honors. His heart is pure as the dew of morning, and his eye bright as the azure sky above. No harsh word of scorn for the aged, the poor or the afflicted ever passes through his lips—in these objects of compassionate charity, he sees his divine Master and prototype–Christ.

Our young men of the present generation can be true gentlemen, if they will. Honor, fidelity to conscience and self-respect, will elevate them morally and physically, and self-denial and charity will establish them in the favor of all good people. We need gentlemen in our legislatures, in congress, in the judiciary and in the administration of our government. We need them as teachers and preachers—we need them

everywhere, not the sham article so long inflicted on us, but true gentlemen of sound common sense, who hold the charter of their nobility from God.

CHAPTER XIII

SOCIAL REFORM.

Wherever eminent virtues exist they are shadowed by dangerous evils, and as such virtues spring from almost imperceptible ones, so great evils grow-up from trivial offences. A good physician will try to find out the first cause of the disease he has under treatment, and an intelligent reformer should go down to the insipient state of the menacing evils he has to deal with. Is not the Christian religion able to successfully resist all growing evils? But how can it succeed if it does not take the child in hand and lead it up to honorable manhood or womanhood?

Here comes in the question of education. The majority of our people favor a common free school system, independent of all religious influences, and insist on having only such a system. Underlying this preference is the principle that the child belongs to the State, and the rank denial of liberty of conscience. To the parents belongs the child and the right to educate it. The people do not belong to the State, but the state belongs to the people. The majority rules when capable of ruling. Otherwise it is our

duty to "stand against the majority and the drift and tendency of the age." The historian Leeky tells us that "Christianity has been the main source of the moral development of Europe." The education of the child begins with the childhood of the mother, and so it is that the influences of religion should necessarily be felt from the cradle to the grave.

The father and mother educated for the world, do not give much attention to the religions training of their children. If they at any time take notice of it they treat it as a merely interesting sentiment. Parental pride gets imbedded in the nature of the child and obedience becomes but an act of homage inspired by fear. The mother is fond of fashionable apparal, and will have it if she possibly can; the little girl in her teens adopts the mother's vanity. The little boy follows his father's example, is covetous and untruthful. There is no restraint on violent passions, no curb on the burning lustful propensities. As boy and girl grow up they reject God, duty, truth, decency! They have no respect for father or mother—no respect for age, poverty or affliction; they belong to the majority. It is, after all, pleasant to know that humanity still clings to some of our people. Pride has not

yet poisoned the fountain of their honor nor robbed their hearts of sweet, tender, charity. The poor, working people will hold to the ark of God though weal or woe.

The social reformer is somewhat vague as to the scope and character of his work. Direct his attention to stock-gambling, to trusts and monopolies, and to that greatest of all crimes, the enslavement of labor by greedy corporations, and he will tell you that all these, and more, are inseparably connected with the glorious progress of the age. The reformer's business is with the common people and their great sin intemperance. He is backed up by the churches and they complacently strain at a gnat and swallow a camel—without salt. They are the greatest enemies of necessary reform and of truth. If the women who go around haggling about their rights, and getting their whims into politics, would but turn back and seek in their own homes —nay, in their own hearts, for work to do, they would be sure to find plenty of it. They had better keep their own homes in order—clean out their own hearts of pride, and other defilements, and then they will be better equipped for reform work. Let us all reform ourselves first.

It is not hard to learn how great crimes like

those I have referred to, affect public and private morals—how they sear heart and mind and make desperate a people otherwise patient and peaceable. "Like causes," it is said, "produce like effects." If the curse of covetousness, inflicted by law in this country, is as bad as that other curse which existed in France up to the latter part of the 18th century, I hope the effect there will not be experienced here. But an end will come to our crimes by the moral enforcement of the higher law established by the supreme ruler of all mankind.

Social reform is needed, but if it cannot touch the stronghold of ruthless class power, then the good work must be done among the people. If we can bring to the poor man's home patient faith and moral purity—fix in his heart the divine assurance of hope and the tenderness of charity, it is our duty so to do. Take ill-will, jealousy and hatred from our homes and the battle is half won. If we shut out the garish light of a prominent civilization, and invite the brighter, clearer light of intelligence, we will begin to rise to the dignity of moral freedom. Kindly thoughts and gentle words will bring to every one the grace and elegance of true refinement. Simplicity will give health and beauty to woman-

hood and symmetry to manhood. These we can have, but the beginning and the finishing of our work must be done by home education aided and directed by the Christian religion.

Our professional, social reformers, lay and clerical, are an insult and hindrance to the cause of humanity. They labor to impress public opinion with the lie that the great crimes of the age are committed by the common people. The crimes of Imperial Rome were too filthy to be chronicled—the crimes committed by defiant wealth here are as debasing to society. Let the light of truth be spread among the people, and love will invigorate their hearts to "press forward to the mark of their high calling." When reason, guided by truth and justice, unfurls her banner for the fight, God goes to the front and the cause is soon won. Every heart and home needs reform, and there is work for all to do.

CHAPTER XIV

GOD, AND NATURE'S SABBATH.

The being of God is demonstrated by the metaphysical analysis of the matter and forces of nature. From facts and events reason ascends to cause, and from one cause to another until it finds the ultimate from which all other causes proceed. That ultimate is God. St. Paul in support of this great truth says, "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal Godhead" Rom 1–20. That the human mind can thus find a clear way to the infinite first cause, proves that the light of intelligence proceeds from the source of all light, God. All men and women cannot be metaphysicians, but hundreds of millions have arrived at the same conclusion —the being of God by simple intuition. The greatest triumph of mind that can be achieved, is when an humble person, with very limited education, or no education at all, sees in every phenomenon of nature an evidence of supreme power, and falling to earth adores the Almighty creator. A flash of divine light often reveals

more knowledge to such a soul than science can discover by years of thoughtful labor.

The mind, well grounded in the principles of the Christian religion, is never shadowed by a doubt. There is no dark chasm between the believing soul and God. Wherever goodness and truth are revered a true knowledge of God prevails and without these he cannot be known. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully" Ps. 24–34. In the infinite only is there completion. God is infinite, therefore he is complete—perfect. Before the act of creation, he was all in all, and by that act he prepared a new order of things for his own pleasure. He cannot err, for being infinitely perfect there is no room nor possibility in his nature for anything but truth and love. His will is the motive power of all life, the eternal energy of his universe. One purpose or motive runs through all, and the mysterious cord of affinity uniting all the parts was set in eternal motion by the omnipotent will. He created man in his own imagine and likeness that he might love and pity him—that he might be the child of his ten-

der mercy, for love is the essence of God, and truth the light of his countenance. Such I believe God to be, and as such I adore and worship him. There is a line between the knowable and the unknowable. When human reason tries to overstep that line, it has to fall back on faith. In the higher, purer, truer life beyond this the principle of God's love and mercy will be gradually defined by the divine teacher, Jesus Christ.

NATURE'S SABBATH.

I am enjoying the serene beauty of an autumn Sabbath on the Clear fork of Guyandotte. The mellow sunlight reveals the various colors of the forest in all their glory, and gives a glow of splendor to the fading charms of nature. I am alone with my thoughts, and long vanished dreams come back to me. All the grace and gentleness—all the truth and love which were mine in boyhood are with me now, playing like sumbeams among the ruins of my heart. I have been going around the circle of time, and I feel assured my heavenly Father's hand will lead me across the river to the land where the world-weary find peace and rest.

This is the Sabbath day—this the hour of meditation. I recall my thoughts from the past

and centre them in God. The mountains have laid aside their austere solemnity, and thrown a vail of sunlit haze over their glorious summits. The spirit of peace broods over the valley; rill and streamlet run cheerily along, and the small birds sing in their leafy screen, the happiest ministrels in nature's great temple. I remember the words of the psalmist. "All thy works shall praise thee, Lord, and thy saints shall biess thee." Has nature no soul?—no consciousness? Take God's part away from her—from all these pure worshippers around me, and nothing would remain but the shabow of absolute death. In the Sabbath worship of nature, the passions of the heart are subdued by the breath of God, and the soul goes out in contemplation to the haven of its hopes. Sun, moon and stars; earth and sea, mountain and valley, rill and stream, bird and flower—all, all praise and worship God. Is mankind exempt from the sacred duty of adoration, praise and thanksgiving? No, indeed. He should be first at the altar with the richest gifts of gratitude from the storehouse of his soul. God is ever near to us —nearer than we think and it is a grave mistake to suppose that he is at an immeasurable distance from us. His angels are around us, and

if we would keep heart and mind pure, we could see the divine Master passing by on his mission of love and mercy and hear him say: "Come, follow me, I am the way, the truth and the life."

The sun is slowly passing westward over the hills, the birds are singing their parting hymn, and the Clear fork in the afterglow of light flows along with its low, rippling song of peace. The mountain shadows are loth to come down lest they disturb the sacred rites of the temple, and an indescribable calm—soft and tender—has spread its wings over the scene. O how full my soul is of silent rapture! and my heart is taking from memory hours like these often enjoyed in my island home far, far away. I am lost in mazes of inspiration. The world lies dead at my feet, and visions of love and light reveal to me loved ones, so long lost, in the green valleys of heaven.

The services of the day are ended, a solemn hush is over all, the last note of the Laudate Dominum has died out into a sigh and the evening star smiles down from her watchtower above.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND GRAVEYARD.

The school bell is calling the boys and girls to school. It is the opening day of the session and a healthy excitement is happily enjoyed. There is music in the sound of that bell that awakens pleasant, yet sad echoes in my soul. How well I remember my school days—the house and its surroundings; the rivulet and the evergreen pines in whose delightful shade I nursed illusive hopes. Sadly do I remember my cheerful, happy associates and I ask myself: "Where are they now? All gone—all but me. On distant lands some are sleeping in unknown graves; others found rest in the bosom of native land, while I linger among dead hopes and faded dreams. These memories of the past are, after all, precious treasures, I, too, will soon go, but it is a consolation to know that my God and Father is a God of love and mercy, who will call his children up to the school where we shall study out the problems of infinite love and infinite truth. O it will be so sweet to hear the school bell above, to meet my old schoolmates, and learn at the feet of Christ the unfinished lessons of this dreamy life.

Education here ought to be a primary one—a preliminary course to fit us for the higher grades in heaven. Children should be taught good manners, and kindness, and memory be what God intended it to be, the storehouse of pleasant thoughts and noble deeds. Our young people should not be educated for the world until they are first instructed in the laws of God. He has the first claim on human intelligence. Boyhood and girlhood ought to be prolonged as much as possible. It is the golden period of life, when the seed of pure love and chivalrous honor fall into heart and soul. Then it is that association should be rigidly watched, lest noxious weeds be sown by the evil hand of our common enemy.

RECESS.

The scholars are out at play. The laugh and shout and merry making are to me the truest ideals of freedom. Every motion of lithe limb and faultless form is graceful and natural. They have already chosen their favorities and a mutual feeling runs from heart to heart. This is the elysium of life, the May day of memory. The grand old mountains are smiling down on these happy young people and reverberate their voices with the sweetest echoes. New friend-

ships are being born today, and the sinless heart yields to the first impulses of love's first dream. Memory is taking some delightful pictures, and silence is listening to tender babblings of the old, old happy folly. The play ground is a world in itself, but an embryo world that has not yet learned the siren wisdom of deceit. Many of these young people may, in the future, recall the present, pleasant enjoyments, and sigh for the days when round the school house they played among the foothills of heaven. Let us in God's name do all in our power to make our young friends happy, but happy they cannot be without purity and truth. To save them from the contamination of a cold and cruel world is a duty we owe to God, to society and ourselves. A few more hours and school will be dismissed. May the scholars find at their homes good example and that gentle kindness which never fails to make a lifelong impression on heart and mind.

THE GRAVEYARD.

Not far from the school house is the hamlet of the dead on a beautiful knoll close to the mountain and overlooking the Clear fork river. It is safely fenced, and has a quiet, restful

appearance. I always love to see a neat garve-yard and I think that those who fail to honor the dead can have but little respect for the living. From the cradle we toddle to the school house; from the school house we go into the busy world, and from the world, its pomp and power, its troubles and sorrows, to the grave. This brief epitome of life is true, and the mind that ponders it well cannot fail to be convinced that there is nothing true but heaven.

Those who sleep in the little graveyard close by have left pleasant memories behind them. The rugged honesty and sincere sympathy of each is fondly remembered. The rose may be crushed, but its fragrance remains. I love to think of the virtues of the departed. They had faults, but those little discords are lost in the ever-living harmony of good deeds and noiseless charity. The good of life is not impaired by our moral infirmities, when we humbly ask God to blot them out from his remembrance.

The children as they play around the school house, little know that every laugh and shout awaken echoes in the grave. The laugh of joy and sigh of sorrow are blended here, and death throws its shadow across our path from the cradle to the grave.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAN.

"Let us make man in our image and likeness." So spake God, and he made him. He gave to this new creature an immortal soul having will, memory and understanding. The materialist denies this and asks for the proof. If man has no immortal soul, how can he have consciousness of God, infinite? A clever theologian says: "God, the soul, truth, love, rightiousness, repentance, faith, beauty, the good—all these are unapproachable by scientific tests. Yet these and not salts and acids and laws of cohesion and chemical affinity and gravitation are the supreme realities of man's life even in this world of matter and force. When one demands scientific proof of immortality, then it is as if he demanded the linear measurement, or the troy weight of an emotion or the color of an affection, or as if he should insist upon finding the human soul with his scalpel or microscope." The materialist, however, insists that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body. His theory is that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. Fiske says: "It is not even correct to say that thought goes on in the brain. What goes on in

the brain is an amazingly complex series of molecular movements with which thought and feeling are in some unknown way correlated, not as effects or as causes, but as concomitants." Take away the idea of immortality permeating the gospel of Jesus Christ, and nothing would remain worthy of attention.

God gave to man an immortal soul, having will, memory and understanding. This will had the divine law to guide it. Will carries with it freedom, for a will not free would be useless and divine wisdom makes no mistake.

It is said that God had foreknown and foreseen every act, incident and thought of man in the past, present and future. If so, he foreordained or designed every act, incident and thought, for he could not have foreknown or foreseen anything but what he had designed. If, as some believe, he predestinated one portion of his creatures to eternal happiness and the remainder to eternal misery, he would by so doing have given to himself a dual nature of good and evil, for to create man for eternal misery—to doom him to such a state before he created him—would be evidence, nay proof, of a malignant purpose, unjust and cruel. Such a doctrine is downright blasphemy.

I maintain that God had not foreknown nor foreseen the future acts, incidents and thoughts of man. Self-denial is a virtue in man, inculcated by Christ himself. Is it not then a supreme virtue in God? Am I better than he? If he had not denied himself all knowledge of man's thought and acts why did he subject him to his law? If God predestined me to be damned or saved, there was no occasion for the law. The law of God is the expression of his will. Obedience is the homage of man's free will, and were there no free will there could be no obedience. If God had foreknown that Adam and Eve would have eaten of the forbidden fruit, it was because he had designed them to do so. But why did he command them not to do what he had predestinated them to do?

Religion was known and practiced from the days of Adam to the present time, but if the theory be true that some are predestinated to eternal bliss and others to eternal perdition, religion can effect no change in the ultimate destiny of either.

Christ came down from heaven and assumed human nature that he might be one of us, sharing our sorrows and our wants, and loving us with all his divine love and sympathy. He suf-

fered and died for us. He made salvation possible to all. He willed not the death of a sinner, but would have him converted and live. How meaningless would be his teachings and his life, his agony and death, if one part of the human family is predestinated to bliss and the remainder to eternal torment.

God governs all things by general laws, from the most minute object to the largest, and from these laws he never swerves. They are in perfect harmony with the universal design, and the little flower on the wayside is influenced by them as well as the sun that gives light to our planet. Does God have to watch every thing to see that the machinery is in order?—does he have to know in advance every step we take lest we drop off this revolving earth? Are his laws insufficient for his will, and is his nature so very depraved that he creates children to inflict on them endless misery and pain?

The law of God is the expression of his will; love the great essential principle of His Being; truth the inextinguishable light of his universe, and mercy the child of his eternal tenderness. Christ was the manifestation of God in human nature. How good he was to the poor and the

afflicted. Lazarus his friend died. At the grave "Jesus wept."

In the economy of God's government there is no special law, but special graces he loves to bestow on his children. He receives the poor, prodigal child who has long wandered among the dark places of the world, to his bosom; he seeks the sheep that has strayed and brings it back to the fold; he walks among the poor and despised and fills their hungry souls with good things; he heals all manner of diseases, and only he has a safe cure for the poor, broken heart. In his mercy, while he comdemns sin, he loves and pities the poor sinner. Sin cannot lessen his integrity, and one precious tear—one deep sigh of repentance—reconciles him to the offender. Within the human soul God is mirrored, and from the heart of God flows down to mankind streams of love and mercy.

God is not retrogressive; he will take the soul covered with the leprosy of sin to his house, in which there are many mansions, and there restore it to health, and beauty.

CHAPTER XVII

MOUNTAIN LITERATURE.

The world is indebted to Sir Walter Scott for insight of highland life and highland scenery, in the north of Scotland. Without it the Waverly novels would be incomplete, and the ill-tempered neglect of history would be a burning shame to Scottish literature.

Scott drew aside the veil that had hidden for so long a time that magnificent region, and presented to view, mountain fastness, hill, lake and torrent in all their gloomy sublimity and solitary beauty. The stronghold of each Celtic clan he invested with traditional life, and if he strongly depicts the fierce passions of hatred or revenge in the ever-faithful clansman, he does not forget the wild virtues fostered in his rude home. If there were sanguinary conflicts there was also heroic sacrifice of life, and whether in war or peace, love had its romantic episodes, free from all restraints but those imposed by honor and morality on mankind. The legends and songs of the highland Celts are of the first order and their music pathetic and tender. But such legends, songs and music belong to the children of the mountain and the mist.

In West Virginia our mountain scenery is magnificent, and nowhere under the sun is there such delightful diversity of scenery. Hills and valleys break the monotony of the Alpine ranges, and numerous rivers and streams flow down to the lowlands on their seaward course.

Scarcely a hundred years have passed away since the Indian was here lord of the soil. Blood flowed between the incoming white man and his red brother, but no historian has taken up pen to do honor to the pioneer and justice to the heroic Indian. The men and women who came into the mountains to make homes in those days were not of the common order. They had lofty aspirations and were strongly imbued with romantic ideas. They would not serve under taskmasters in the building up of a questionable civilization, healthy freedom they were determined to have however it should be gained. Their struggle with the Indian was fierce and bloody, and after conquering their brave foe, they worked with all their might to have homes of their own. Among the pioneers were men finely educated, adventurous spirits who hailed with joy the birth of a new era of peace. The American Revolution with its magnificent patience and patriotism, was close behind them,

and before them the glorious mountains. I have said that the scenery is delightfully diversified—not less remarkable the diversity of character among the pioneers.

Here surely is a wide and inviting field for a man like Scott. The contemporaneous history of Europe; the soldier of fortune coming out of the Revolutionary war; French exiles banished by the Jacobins; friendly Indians and local strife—these would supply plenty of material, more than Scott had, to weave into his imperishable romances. I hope to see the day when some devoted child of the mountains will gather up the fast fading traditions of the pioneer times. Why should we not have a Scott of our own, and why not have our singers? Every thing in our State is suggestive of song, and intellect and taste are not wanting. We have them in abundance. We may not have a Burns or a Beranger, but we can have true poets of our own to interpret the longings of the soul and the feelings of the heart.

We want a mountain literature pure as the air of our mountains and clear as our streams, racy of the soil and in harmony with the moral and physical character of our people. The richest love is sleeping in every glen and valley, and

the mountain heights are mantled by glorious traditions. There is glorious work to be done in this field, and the workers, patient and brave, will enter on their labors before long.

We want a Mountain Literature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

This divine commandment may justly be regarded as the summit of all Christian duty—the very heart core of religion. It is simple in language, and easy to be understood, but to do what it implies is one of the most perplexing rules laid down in the Gospel. One person says: "I can forgive my enemies, I can do them a friendly turn in time of need, but how to love them I do not know. Christ surely did not mean that I should love my enemies as I love my friends. I have tried to do this thing, but my heart would not respond to the effort." Another regards it as impossible without some special grace of God to assist us. We have all, perhaps, our enemies—I have mine. Everywhere I turn I meet them; in the church, in the crowded street, among my old acquaintances and friends. Why have I so many enemies? I cannot tell. Life is to me unbearable. Every man's hand is raised against me, and I hate all mankind. I even hate myself. Coldly and carelessly I open the Bible at the 15th chapter of Mathew, and I read: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications,

thefts, false witness, blasphemies, these are the things which defile a man." And these words were spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ. I close the book and think, can it be possible, after all, that the hatred I hold in my heart for my fellow creatures is the creation of my own perverse will?

St. Paul tells us that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, but the Divine Spirit will not dwell in a defiled temple. A chronic dyspeptic sees but little in nature to please him, but heal him of his infirmity, and from the dew-drop, aflame with the light of the morning sun, to earth, sky and ocean, his soul goes up in admiration and gratitude to God. So it is with the man whose heart is defiled by sin. Everything is dark and fearful to him—no outstretched hand to lead him to the light. Let him cleanse thoroughly his heart, and the Spirit of God will take possession of it, and love, peace, and goodness will come to him and abide with him forever. He goes out among his kind, and in church, city or highway, he cannot find an enemy. The enemy of his life—the destroyer of his peace was in his own heart. He has put on the new man and now walks abroad an emancipated child of God. "Love your enemies." To do so we must have love in the heart, and

this we cannot have as long as evil thoughts possess it. When evil departs love will reign supreme. As it is with the individual so is it with society at large, and with nations. Society cleansed and purified, would enjoy peace and good will, and this can be accomplished by moral association and humble endeavor. God is ever willing to assist us. How beautiful life would be in such a state! How near to heaven! Simplicity and truth would go hand in hand, and religion would build up in heart and home fit temples for the Holy Ghost.

Were nations to cleanse themselves of their defilements of pride, coveteousness and false witness, there would be no more war, tyranny would be at an end and industry be free. Huge armaments would not be needed, for the Christian rule of life would usher in the universal reign of love and truth. Every nation has its enemy within itself, and when that enemy is vanquished, peace and good will shall make life a blessing to all.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BEAM AND THE MOTE.

Of all the simple lessons taught by our Lord Jesus Christ there is not one so immediate and far reaching as that of the beam and the mote. It applies as closely and forcibly to nations as to individuals, and ought be used as a brake on the fast wheels of our delirious progress. National pride is not considerate, and while boastful of its own superiority, it never fails on a plausible occasion to find fault with other nations. It is unjust to those more moral and intelligent perhaps than itself, to cover up its own defections while violently exposing the errors of others. It should have taken the beam out of its own eye before bothering about the mote in the eye of a neighbor. In America we are willing to make any sacrifice for humanity abroad, but we neglect or forget the urgent calls of humanity at home. It is not respectable to boast of having a Christian civilization, while murder, foul and hideous, has an hourly record in the public press, and domestic bliss is poisoned by the breath of wanton impurity. The beam and the mote test might be fairly applied here.

Materialism is a growing evil at war against the good, the pure and the true in human life. Is not this beam large enough to blind us, and should we not take it out before we go a mote hunting? Materialism is the foster mother of all crime; it is the monstrous evil from which springs our false civilization. It is the beam that obscures the vision of the soul and makes the world around us so very dark. We must pluck it out and take counsel with the "man of sorrows," Christ, and He will give us light and peace.

In the Christian churches the beam and the mote give work to many. In truth it is there the mote-finding industry is carried to almost perfection. One church cannot see the beam in its own eye, because of the dreadful mote in the eye of another church. The doctrinal beam seems to be firmly fixed in the theological eye, and a great deal of pious energy is spent in devising means to rid the world of its mote. Every church member in good orthodox standing is a mote hunter who carries his beam into every nook and corner in search of a mote.

Every community has its little inquisition. One sister has discovered that another sister has been guilty of an indiscretion. The moral-

focussed microscope is placed over it, and the offense is branded as a great sin. The dear beam-eyed sister has struck a mote, and now piously enjoys her victory. The beamers are all sanctified, and any one not up to their standard of perfection is cut to pieces in this world and doomed to eternal wrath in the world to come. "Cast the beam out of thine own eye," my good sisters and brothers, and then, but not till then, will you be able to see the mote in the eye of another. "Where are thine accusers?" asked Christ of the poor woman taken in adultry. "I have none, Master," she answered. "Neither do I accuse thee," said he, "go thy way and sin no more." There was no beam in his eye—he was not looking for motes. A fallen sister or brother, among the sanctified beamers, would find no compassion—no mercy. The hypocrites would drag down God from his throne, and destroy love, truth and the compassionate charity of Christ. In every community there are beam-eyed wretches, day and night watching every act, and listening to every word they see or hear that they may accuse a neighbor before a court or church of having a mote in the eye. How many meek-eyed church women gad from house to house to procure news of a sister's

weakiness or shame! "Cast the beam out of thine own eye," ye hypocrites—cast out the devil from your hearts, and leave those ye would ruin and disgrace to kind friends and the mercy of God.

It is among the politicians, the beamer is in all his glory. In a campaign each candidate is busy looking for a mote in his opponent's eye or heart, and has mercenaries employed to search family records for evidence of shame. The presidential candidate has to run the gauntlet, but leaves the filthy work of exhumation to his agents. Every speck of moral infirmity is hunted up and the idiotic law of heredity is flaunted before a debauched public. The beam-eyed partizans are all patriotic. Noble blood that has flown down from some savage, human blood-hound of feudalism is often claimed for a candidate in our democratic republic, and if he has been even a recalcitrant member of a church, his mob followers canonize him a saint. Every demi-gogue has a moral misroscope to magnify the most minute fault—the almost unperceptible mote descovered under the eyelid of his master's opponent. Will society ever get rid of those beam-eyed nuisances? "Cast the beam out of thine own eye," ye fools and "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

L. of C.

CHAPTER XX.

RELIGION.

In every age the religious idea has had a predominant place in the human mind. The image and likeness in which we were created hold the reflection of the supreme intelligence. As there are various ideals of God, so there are various forms and modes of religion. That which has the clearest, deepest spirituality must be regarded as the truest.

When Christ came he founded a spiritual or invisible church with a temporal or visible church. The church spiritual is the divine law of love. Adoration, goodness and truth, and these are the constituent elements of true religion. We can not be followers of Christ unless we embrace these principles embodied in the divine law. The first lesson taught us by Christ was humility, and it is the first virtue we should practically adopt, for without it, religion can have no safeguard against the assaults of rebellious pride and aggressive ignorance. Religion shows the way to the perfect life above. It is the science of the soul, learned in the school of contemplation and prayer. It is a growth—a beautiful development of all the graces and virtues, and is attained by self-

denial and consecration of heart and soul to God.

We received from Christ all the essential principles of religion in our relation to God and to our neighbor. He brought down to us from the sacred heart of love its sweet ministering angel —charity—and in himself established the brotherhood of man. He assumed human nature that he might unite it with the divine nature, and hence it is that the divine love and the human love are inseparable, and that a "human life is a divine life." We must follow Christ for he only is "the way, the truth and the life." We must do as he did, minister to each other in our afflictions and in our poverty, and bury selfishness and pride at the foot of the cross. "If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" Love is the most effective force of true religion, in morally elevating mankind, and establishing the kingdom of Christ in this world. We must have love to conquer self, and unless we conquer self we cannot win the peace and blessing of God.

The greatest enemy to religion is intellectual pride. From it comes atheism, agnosticism and materialism, and from it also emanate so many churches, no two agreeing, and all claiming the Bible as their origin and authority. Among these

organizations it is hard to find a resting place for the soul. If the church of Christ exists—and I firmly believe it does—where is it to be found? I answer, wherever the Spirit of God exists. Wherever his divine teaching in its simple truth is accepted as all-sufficient. Wherever his humility and obedience are practiced, and blessed charity abounds. There and only there the Church of Christ exists. "In vain do we call ourselves Christians if we follow not Christ." Where two or three are gathered together in the Master's name—a little congregation of his church—he is there in the midst of them. If every family were consecrated to God, each would be, in itself, a living branch of the great Church of Christ.

We are having too much of speculative theology—entirely too much of uneducated opinion forced on us as infallible truth. In all the churches, good zealous souls are reaching for the light—reaching up to the blue sky for a divine flame to go before them on their journey across the wilderness of life. Not there my friends will you find it, not there. The light to guide us is in the heart, if we follow the simple rules laid down in the gospel by Jesus Christ.

Doctrine or creed is not above the law of God,

and no decree issuing from man can circumscribe the mind of God in his plan of salvation. Nor can love, truth and justice yield to the iniquitous demands of social depravity. Religion cannot be strangled, nor will it surrender under any pressure to a false philosophy one spark of its divine flame.

Society needs a spiritual lustration, and the churches would not suffer any loss in efficiency or character by adopting the humility and meekness of Christ. A change—a reformation, is needed, but it is in the family it must be begun. The family is the citadel of the church. Religion and the world are too closely mixed up by some of our theological teachers—and the sooner they are divorced the better for the world and for religion. Religion pure and undefiled is the Rock of Ages on which society can safely rest all its hopes and all its heavenward aspirations.

CHAPTER XXI

CIVIL GOVERMENT AND THE CHURCH.

The institution of civil government is of divine origin, its first formation being the family order. The family springs from the marriage-law and marriage was first instituted by Almighty God.

The people are not the source of all legitimate political power, for they are responsible to God for their conduct to each other, and government is also responsible to him for the manner in which it governs the people. The vox populi is not the vox dei, unless it is truthful and decent. Neither are majorities always right. Minorities, so often forced to submit, are in most cases right in judgment and principles. "'Numbers,' says a serious thinker, "'do not decide truth, and one with God is a majority."

The modern liberal idea that the church should have nothing to do with government is not correct. The church can claim only its divine right. Its mission embraces all orders of society and every duty imposed on man by the authority of God. Its principles tend to keep the public concience clean, and its maxims are for the guidance and instruction of all. While politics should be confined within proper limits

the church must have liberty to promote the cause of justice by holding up to view, and impressing on the public mind the law of God.

If civil government would conform itself to the teachings of the church, wrong-doing would not be tolerated and rebellion against legitimate authority would be impossible. It is evident to reason that any human law at variance with the law of God, must be essentially wrong in its nature and direful in its results.

The church ought to be in close touch with the people, for if the people are honest, moral good the government is sure to be honest, moral, and gool also. One reflects the other. How very necessary that the church should have perfect control of the public conscience, enobling and purifying every thought and action. If things were so established, pride could make no degrading discriminations; covetousness would not override the equities of God by oppressing the poor and defrauding the laborer of his wages, and we would have none of those fearful eruptions, between labor and capital that menace the peace and safety of society. Will we live to see such a change—to see the law of God honored and respected by the law-making power of the land? Again I insist that civil government will

have a very vicious influence unless brought in harmony with the law of God. One can plainly see that without practical respect for the church and the law of God society is hurrying on to the fearful whirlpool of anarchy.

The church should have no place in politics, but should be above all political interests controlling the law making power by the spirit and teachings of the Gospel. God first and all the time. God in government, in society, in the family and in every heart. Without Him there can be no light, no love, no justice, no goodness. Reason it insufficient for the making of laws, without divine wisdom to guide and instruct it. Where truth is not honored there can be no justice, and God is the fountain of all truth and justice. Apart from Him there can be no safety. His love embraces all; his mercy reaches every soul, and sorrow touched by his spirit is glorified by the agonized love of Calvary.

CHAPTER XXII

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

There is no dogma of what may be termed orthodox Christianity more emphatically insisted on than eternal punishment, and none more irrational when fairly investigated. The antiquity of the dogma cannot be disputed. It existed in paganism before Christianity was introduced, and it is a cardinal principle of paganism in many countries today.

Faith informs us that He who created all things, from whose idea the universe was fashioned, is our Father and our God; that Jesus Christ is his only begotten Son, who together with the Holy Ghost, are one indivisible and eternal. The heathen in his dark, depraved condition has a shadowy idea of a supreme being. He carves in wood or other material a likeness of his ideal god to which he renders homage. Sometimes this ideal is a monster, fierce and implacable, filthy and debased. All the baseness of his nature he transfers to this blind and lifeless monstrosity. It was said by a deep thinker that "by the law of association the material image calls up the mental idea, and the mental idea calls for the material image." The

heathen may be said to be the creator of his god, but in truth he is only groping in the dark for the pure ideal, Almighty God.

It is to be regretted that so many—so very many, who openly profess faith in Christ are not much more enlightened than the heathen. A pure-minded, humble Christian who possesses the three cardinal virtues, faith, hope and charity, firmly believes that God is essential to love. He regards him as a tender, patient Father, all purity and goodness; all love and mercy. When the heart is impure it cares only for impurity. When pride takes hold of a man the humility of Christ leaves him. When he holds in his heart ill-will or hatred, he gives to his idea of God all the very horrible qualities he possesses; and so it is that so many regard our loving Father as a malignant being who delights in torturing and mercilessly ruling his creatures in this world and in a world to come. When the heart is pure and humble, loving and gentle, God appears in all the glory of his love and all the sweet tenderness of his mercy.

The figurative language of the Scriptures is often taken in a literal sense, and this has been the source of much contradiction and contention in the churches. Take the case of God's hatred

of sin, as metaphorically expressed by Christ, as a true illustration. The people of Judea—of all Syria—could not in the days of Christ be ignorant of Roman mythology, and therefore Tartarus afforded a most fearful picture of punishment. "The wicked shall go into everlasting fire." So said Christ but did he not also say, "they shall be cast into outer darkness." While "eternal fire" is a direful picture of extreme heat, "outer darkness" is a fearful picture of extreme cold. The world will come to an end, after that event—What? God is a spirit, infinite, the soul is an immortal spirit. The body will go into its natural dust. "We are sown a corruptible body," says Paul, "we shall rise an incorruptible body. We are sown a natural body, we shall rise a spiritual body." Then the spirit will exist for bliss or torment, but how can a material fire affect an immaterial essence? Can I burn an idea—a thought? But why an eternal punishment? The answer of orthodox theologians is: "To satisfy infinite justice. As every violation of the divine law is an offense against the majesty of God, so the punishment of the offender must be of eternal duration." A fair and impartial consideration of this thesis

will show that it is logically at variance with the spirit of divine justice.

God is infinitely perfect, then how can any offense of mine affect his integrity or do him any injury? How can I, a poor creature called into existence by his Almighty will, lessen in any way his liberty, love, truth, goodness or excellence? I commit a great offense against the law of my creator, and for so doing I am denounced as his enemy. How will he treat *his* enemies. Did he not command me to love *my* enemies. It is surely a great virtue to do so, and must it not be a supreme virtue in God to love the poor sinner? God takes no revenge. He is no merciless tyrant, but a Father of infinite love and infinite mercy. No greater sin can be committed against the law of God than this dark and hideous doctrine of eternal punishment. It has turned tens of thousands of people from Christianity into infidelity—from the worship of the true God to absolute denial of him—of him as represented by the orthodox pietists. The hell of the creeds into which sinners are hurled after death is all fire forever burning—no cessation—no respite, burning, burning, forever and forever. And this is divine justice. Is God's compassionate love dead when I die? Is his mercy at

end when I go from here? Nay, nay, he can no more turn love and mercy from their course than he can annihilate himself. Man, with all his moral imperfections, in every country has a compassionate feeling for the poor and the afflicted. The leper, unclean by the law of Moses, has an asylum in which human love sacrifices life even to make his condition as comfortable as possible. Will the monstrous doctrine be believed that God has no pity, no sympathy for the soul covered with the leprosy of sin? "There are many mansions in my Father's House." So we are informed by the meek and tender-hearted Christ. "No, no," exclaimed our pharisees; there are but two mansions—heaven for the saint and hell for the sinner."

This doctrine of eternal punishment, has been for centuries spreading wreck and ruin over the world. A God of revenge, of malignant purpose, has been trampling on the best hopes and highest aspiration of mankind. This horrible nightmare is rising from the opprest soul of the world and we are gradually becoming acquainted with the God of infinite truth, infinite love and infinite mercy, the only God, Lord and creator of all things. Some of the firmest believ-

ers in eternal punishment, in peace or war, were the most cruel monsters that ever bore human form. Such we have today in the world, but the advent of a brighter day will dispel the horrible phantom from the world.

Death gives to the earth the body, and takes the soul to the presence of God. He has room enough for saint and sinner. A being infinitely perfect cannot be retrogressive. The greatest pleasure that God can enjoy is in the exercise of his love and mercy. On the greatest sinner he will bestow the most compassionate care, and every star that has fallen from its orbit will be lifted up into the firmanent of glory. The soul-beautiful spirit of intelligence will have free access at the pure fountain of divine truth and to the Holy of Holies where love and mercy reign in the bosom of God.

If we but make room in our minds for pure thoughts—thoughts replete with the beauty of charity, and the loving kindness left us by Christ, God will be in our hearts all love and mercy. O, there is another life beyond this, where sin will not be known, and the child of darkness here will be led into the light to begin another life in heaven. We shall have ample opportunity to make up for lost time. He who

said: "Love your enemy," never had and never will have an enemy. Let us not kick from our doors a fallen sister. She has still a place, and will forever have it, at the feet of Jesus. Repulse not an erring brother with scorn, Christ died for him as well as for you. We have all to take with us from this world the memory of our transgressions, and nothing can be hidden from God.

Let us cast from us the "hangman's whip." Fear has failed. Love, the love of God, is theme vast enough for earth and for heaven. Love at Bethlehem. Love at Nazareth and love triumphant on the Cross. We need moral courage to destroy pagan principles, and clean out the defiled temple of Christian love. Every innovation of man should be separated from religion. The teachings of Christ are sufficient for all. "Love one another as I have loved you." That is the supreme law, not only on earth, but in heaven, throughout the great universe, through all time and in eternity.

The doctrine of eternal punishment should have no place in our hearts, our homes or our churches. It is an insult to truth, a foul discord that jars on the ears of the angels in heaven. Away with it, and in its stead let love and truth and goodness be preached and practiced. Thus

will millions be induced to accept the true gospel; and religion, instead of being an agent of coercion, will be the sacred ark of our covenant with God.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT FORM OF GOVERNMENT IS BEST?

This is indeed a question of great importance that necessarily requires serious consideration. I believe that a good humane system of government is best adapted to the healthy growth of a pure civilization. But if government be the creature of the popular will, it is sure to be variable, inconsistant and uncertain as the will that created it. The living principle of true government is derived from God, and was established in the first foundation of society. It must be permanent because founded on immutable justice and guided by divine truth. The machinery may fall to pieces, but the principle remains. England may be rent by an upheavel of the masses tomorrow, the House of Lords abolished, and the House of Common be in possession of the most depraved class of her people, but the basic principle of her government would survive the wreck. The great organized body of the Christian church may be torn into fragments by communist or nihilist, but the spirit of the church would rise from the desolation with increased power and more marvelous light than ever.

The legislative department of government should be at all time controlled by the most intelligent and moral citizens, and in the election of legislator, or other officer, a limited franchise defined by social standing and character, would be best and safest. The right of suffrage is a sacred right when duly honored, but when abused it is a menacing danger. "Popular Sovereignty" is a fine phrase, and "vox populi—vox Dei" still finer, but one is a silly burlesque and the other an impious lie. The trite saying of Lincoln that "the people are not always wrong," is now used as a political axiom, but it is nevertheless a well-known fact that they are not always right. Two great political parties are opposed to each other on issues of grave importance—of such importance as to involve the safety of our institutions. In each the worst element controls, and honor and duty are lost in the wild, mad strife for party supremacy; and this is why political corruption is widespread, permeating the halls of legislation and the lowest and highest tribunals of justice. Every where one meets the partizan, but where is the patriot? The democrat of today bears the same relation to the old-time Jeffersonian democrat that our millionaire Christians do to the

Christians of the Apostolic days. The republican of today bears the same relation to the father of republicanism—Abraham Lincoln—than a Mormon missionary does to St. Paul. It was Lord Bryon who said, "Trust not the Franks, they have a king who buys and sells." Neither can a people be trusted who buy and sell the franchise that ought be cherished as dearly as life itself.

If a people are not capable of governing themselves, they must be governed by others, and once the scepter departs from them, it will never return. The true principle of government can not be resigned, bought or sold. We need just laws and a strong arm to enforce them. Society must enjoy rational freedom, security of life and property, and peaceful happy homes. These with education and religion—and conscience free as the light of heaven—are all it can require. These would protect public morals and public decency.

The great overshadowing evil of our republic is individual liberty. This is in its nature wrong, for popular liberty in its indiscriminate justice should embrace all, and ought to be enough for all. Individual liberty ought not extend beyond individual rights, but when it invades

the public domain, and one man assails the rights or liberty of another man, it is manifestly an evil that should be utterly destroyed. Individual liberty is now an established fact, and special legislation the agency it employs to destroys public equity and that spirit of fraternity, on which only a republican form of government can exist.

England, to her honor be it said, has been gradually coming out from feudalism, and giving to her people the fullest measure of constitutional government. Under her monarchical system, rich and poor are ruled alike, and all classes are so fairly adjusted that confusion never disturbs the general peace. How is it with us? Thirty odd years age we cast aside as worthless the simple manners and customs of our fathers—that clear simplicity of thought and brotherly love which pervaded our government and people. We strangled in the throes of civil war the spirit of liberty, gave to individual power the prerogatives of government and created a plutocracy. The "sovereign people" committed national suicide, and they who fought for the freedom of others basely enslaved themselves and their families. England is rising up to greater glory, and we, a republic, a little over a

hundred years old, are going down to national ruin. If a people are not capable of governing themselves, they must be governed by others. We need a government that will give us just laws, and be strong enough to enforce them for the common good. Plutocracy and anarchy—the red-mouthed anarchy and the anarchy dressed in fine purple and gold—are the twin evils now threatening the life and honor of society.

England is growing young, common sense and humanity control her councils, and her constitutional monarchical system is nearer being perfect than any other system of modern times. She is growing young, because justice, truth and honor give to her perfect health and magnificent energy. Individual liberty she has subordinated to the common good. She has left her faults behind her in the gray cemetery of the past.

"The people," says Spaulding, "are a hydra-headed monster" and such they will continue to be until heart and intellect are educated, until a government is theirs that can firmly restrain public evil and regulate public duty by the laws of God.

The government founded by the revolutionary sages and patriots is no more. If another can

be established from the cold scoria lying around, let it be such a one as will foster virtue and give to society the blessings of peace, intelligence and prosperity.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FARM AND FARM HOME.

The basis of national prosperity is the land, and the basis of industrial economy is the farm. Society cannot exist without the product of land and labor united. Farming was the first occupation of man, and is the safest one at present. It will continue to be the only independent mode of life as long as man has to procure his daily bread. From the primitive system of cultivating the land there has been a development, and the chemical forces of nature are now used to make the soil more prolific and labor less severe. Nature is inexhaustible and intelligent, patient endeavor is discovering bountiful resources heretofore unknown, The farm in itself is a little republic that requires rules of government easy and pleasant to its citizens. It should be arranged in harmony with its surroundings, and laid out so as to have a fine distribution of light and shade. A farm without a farm-house would be devoid of those necessary elements of life, love, association, industry and peace. In it the family secures itself from the curse of indolence. Obedience to parental authority is the living

spring of its happiness. A farm home may be a slow school of progressive knowledge, but it is always sure, and every lesson learned brings purer thought and brighter hope to life.

On the farm children are brought into close contact with nature. The bright stream and the wild flower, on hill side or forest dell, have loving messages for the heart of childhood. The small birds sing for them, and the first peep of early corn—the first break in the garden bed caused by some tender plant forcing its way to the light, fill the young mind with pleasure and gratitude. To children, the seasons are delightful changes, each appropriate to special work in the economy of nature. Around the farm house sympathy has free exercise. The horse, loved for his patient labor, and by young and old, the poor animal is spoken to as a dear friend, and tenderly caressed. The cow morning and evening receives kind attention, and compensates her friends with a generous down-flow of good milk. The hen leads out her chickens to be seen and fed, and clucks her thanks to her protectors. The dog enjoys the happiness of all, and barks and frolics around the lot with wildest glee. Sympathy for these dumb animals goes out to all livimg objects of our care and

becomes in the human heart the source of kindly deeds and blessed charity. Such are a few of the duties and pleasures that belong to farm-home life, and from such a life come the noblest manhood and purest womanhood of the world.

In the farm home the domestic virtues are fondly cherished. The mother instils into the hearts of her children a simple knowledge of God, and of the duties He demands from all his creatures. To Him is attributed all blessings and favors; and in the Bible those precious maxims of divine wisdom that fell from the soul of Christ are lovingly pondered. Labor is worship, and God the beginning and end of every thought, word and act. Education is not neglected. Such a practical education as is necessary and useful. A large library is not required in a farm home. A few well chosen books are better than a thousand which would do more harm than good. It is I think in his introduc- to "Waverly" that Sir Walter Scott speaks of those who, in his day, could not afford to have a large library; they read few books, each good, studied them deeply, and were well known for their sound knowledge and clear intelligence. Above and before all else, in the farm house, pure thoughts, good manners and kindly words

can be freely practiced. These virtues well out from a mother's love, and never can be found, if lost, but in her heart or at her grave. Such farms and farm homes were common in this republic up to the great war of secession, and could the American people have foreseen the calamitous results of that war, it would never have taken place. Order, frugality and economy were despised in the craze of victory. A change came over the country, and young people, dazzled by the extravagance and vuglar display of the wealthy, would no longer brook the simple healthy comforts of the old farm-home life. They looked on farm labor as a curse, and tens of thousands rushed from happy country homes to seek fortunes in the cities.

FORTUNE SEEKERS.

It is a cause of deep regret that many noted men in the advocacy of farm life, never fail to parade the names of distinguished men who had gone out from the farm, taking with them pure minds and clean hands, and won fame or wealth in the great centres of population. The surface view of their lives is very interesting, but if the dark, crooked ways they had trod could have been seen, their fame would be degradation and

their wealth accursed dross. After the war of secession, young men could be seen in the villages and towns dressed in the approved style of the day. They would not touch an implement of labor, what they had been accustomed to, and fell by degrees into the respectable vices then in vogue. They discussed politics on the streets and in the saloons, forget the chaste language of home, and looked on religion as a delusion befitting senility and ignorance. They branched out after a time from those places where they had been so long and well known, and the murderer and the burglar were plying their vocations in every hole and corner of the land. Some got offices as a reward of venality, and wore out life in debasing excesses. O, how often did the old dear farm-home come on wings of tortured memory to their minds! How often did the sweet innocence of childhood bring to their cold, cold hearts, the green fields, the orchchard, and the old play grounds, so far and far away in the dead past!

Thousands made their way to the city—the Mecca of their hopes. There they would see the farm-boy millionaire, and might be able to make an acquaintance with some nabob who hoed his row in home-spun. They wandered

through thoroughfare and bystreet, lost in the vast wilderness of humanity—no friendly smile, no kindly word to greet them. They drifted from one place to another, from the cheap hotel to the cheap lodging house of the slums, and soon became acquainted with those in the low dives of great cities, who from hungry hope went down in the lowest depths of depravity. Their associates were henceforth the thieves, the burglars, the night footpads, and the most abandoned prostitutes. For one who has made his way to respectable independence, one hundred have been lost in the lowest abysses of crime and wretchedness.

Even in the slums, visions of home come to the outcast—the farm home so peaceful and happy; the honest, thrifty, noble father; the devoted, tender-hearted mother, and the fair, sweet sister. There they are before him now. He hears his mother's voice beseeching God to save her poor boy. Her wild eyes are fixed in agony on him, and every falling tear is dried up on his callous heart. He compares the purity of his sister with the gross passions of the debased creature—the sharer of his sin and shame. He tries to shut out the vision from his soul, but the song of the home stream, the warb-

ling of the birds and the voices of loved ones—still loved by him—he cannot shut out from the ear of his weeping soul. This is no picture painted by the imagination, but an every day reality.

In like manner have young women wandered away from home to satisfy the cravings of pride. Fashion and folly have lured them on, and they gave up to sinful pleasure, the grace and manners and the priceless purity, once their glory, and became a disgrace to womanhood and a curse to society. The city morgue has received many of the poor deceived victims of despair, and the potter's field gave them a place of rest.

If our young men and young women of the present day would consider—just think of all the beauty and home-love of farm life; if they would lay down the high head and the silly, haughty look, and take the teachings of Christ as their guide, the farm-home life would be to them and to society a great blessing.

There are, I am sorry to say, parents who think that youth should be denied all pleasure, but simple pleasure so congenial to the farm home is necessary to the heart of youth as sunlight to the flower or rain to the parched earth. Common sense ought not be outlawed by grim

severity or hollow-hearted phariseeism. The laugh and song are unerring signs of a pure, good heart and one may as well try to prevent the birds from singing as to shut out joy from the longing soul of youth. A cheerful heart lightens labor, and the farm home surrounded by joyful nature ought not be turned into a place of shadows, silent and lifeless as the grave. If youth is denied rational pleasure at home it is apt to seek for it elsewhere.

The great duty now is to get our young men to see the folly of their ways, and show them that manhood can be best developed by honest labor—to get our young women to look at farm home work in its proper light, and they will freely yield to these gentle influences and to the first home-loving impulse of the heart.

Let farmer's institutes be established all over the country for men and women, in which every essential principle may be discussed; keep such institutes from being turned into religious convocations, and let no oath or test be admissable. Every thing should be free and open.

Save our young men and young women; saved the farm-homes of the country from ruin and make them attractive and lovable. Consecrate your labors to God and your country, and God, your country and prosperity will bless you.

CHAPTER XXV.

DUTY.

No organization of society can approach completion without being fully consecrated to Almighty God. Without a sure foundation it can not last and He is the rock on which it can securely stand through every storm, for all time. We owe to God our first allegiance. He is our Father and we are his children. He can exist without society, but society can not exist without Him. In the divine economy, man has an important part to act, and for his guidance and conduct God has given to him conscience and the law.

Right and duty are correlative terms, and one cannot be respected where the other is neglected. Right has no obligatory claim but what it derives from duty. Society can not exist without law, and law requires obedience, otherwise it can have no binding force on conscience. Obedience to law is a primary principle and must be volantarily rendered. Mutual interests demand mutual support, and therefore every member of society is bound to contribute to the general good. Each member owes to every

other member various acts of kindness, and where these are neglected a grevious wrong is done to the commonweal.

For the common good, then, man has duties to perform, and these he can not shirk as long as he has a place in society. From the evasion of these duties spring those distinctions, which are in themselves a prodigious evil, and it so occurs that all such distinctions grow to dangerous proportions by the inherent force of disobedience. Any violation of the laws of society—any neglect of duty by any member of it, is also a violation of the law of God.

But man has other duties to perform. He must love God, and his neighbor as himself. It is incumbent on him to assist in the building of churches, to protect divine worship, and attend it on the Sabbath, and encourage the Sabbath school every way in his power. He is bound to pay due respect to those who may not agree with him in dogma or tenet, for God gives but little attention to theological differences, so that the law of charity be fulfilled with clean, pure intentions. Another duty of serious importance is to guard youth from the pernicious use of bad books and bad company. Education is a principle that every man and woman ought regard

with loving consideration, and advocate its interests as best they can. Such duties as these bestow imperishable rewards, not only in this world, but in the world to come. Bad books are deadly poison to innocent minds and pure young hearts, and as long as the law of the land takes no cognizance of the publication of such lewd literature, it behooves families and churches as well as individuals to protect themselves from such insidious enemies of morality and honor.

A good man will love his neighbor as himself. He will help the poor and the afflicted. God gives freely to us and he requires that we freely give to one another. The stricken children of his love it is our duty to succor. In such works of mercy there is a solace experienced by the friend who bestows and the friend who receives, that compensates the one and makes happy the other. Let us see that the widow suffers not, nor let her children go to bed hungry. Duty guides to her humble home, and there one may see what can not be seen in the palace of the King, Charity leading in the pitying angel of God's mercy. Take that fallen creature by the hand, and whisper to her sad, sad soul the blessed name of mother, and save one tear of the penitent—it will open the gate of heaven

when all else may fail. In yonder house a man is dying of fever—his dead wife is yet scarcely cold. Speak to him gently—speak to him as Christ would speak. Point out the way to the departing soul; now take the orphans to your bosom and procure for them a home—a home with Christ. These are our duties—the duties we owe to our Father God and to our brother man. If we had no such duties to perform as these, the soul would go blind, the heart be cold and callous, there would be no blue sky above and no flowers on the earth to whisper to us of heaven.

In his neighborly association man has grave duties to perform. Covetousness has been denounced by St. Paul as idolatry, and this idea had been in the mind of Christ when he said: "Where your treasure is there is your heart also." The great sin of the world is covetousness. One man covets what belongs to another man, and in some way tries to defraud him. Law is too often an abettor in the crime, and will continue to be so as long as legislation is committed by the popular will to incapable, ill-disposed persons. Litigation is a curse and should by all honest means be avoided. What good can be expected by law as long as slander, backbiting and calumny are used in opposition

to charity and truth? In these social disorders is the greatest danger to society. Duty should prompt us to be honest; to be satisfied with what we have; to respect each other's character; to honor our parents, and reverence the aged, the poor and the afflicted. We must impress on the minds of our youth the spirit of Christian humility, the kindness, courtesy and sympathy, without which there can be no gentleman, no lady. All these duties are easy if the heart be willing.

CHAPTER XXVI

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The birth of Jesus Christ at Bethlehem was not an incident of history, but an epoch round which cluster all the great events of the world. Foretold by the sages and prophets of old Messiah was expected by the Jews, not in a humble garb, not among the poor and down trodden, but in regal power, the great leader of an emancipating army—one whose majesty would overshadow that of the Caesars, and give to Israel a glory she had never known before. But Israel was no longer to be the favored people of God; the brotherhood of man was to be declared, national lines obliterated and the light of truth spread among all his children.

To a few poor shepherds, far removed from the active world. who thought more of their flocks than of Imperial Rome, and who watched with eager expectation the coming of Messiah, an angel came with the glad tidings of his birth, and a star appeared to guide them to where he lay. The Christ was born at Bethlehem in a stable and laid by his mother in a manager. The mother and child—the child and mother—

bone of each other's bone and flesh of each other's flesh. How can any one contemplate the birth of Christ and leave out his mother? His privations were hers, her sufferings were his. Who can describe her feelings as she gazed on her child and her Lord? The Holy Ghost dwelt in her, and revelations made to her she pondered deeply and kept to herself. The King of Glory lying in a manager! God so loves to come whether to a sinful world or to a poor suffering soul with simplicity and sympathy to share our sorrows, and teach us how to suffer and endure, to bear our cross and follow Him.

Imperial Caesar ruled imperial Rome and Rome ruled the world. Little did the haughty Caesar know that in Bethlehem of Judea, that night was born in poverty and destitution one who would by the light of divine truth and the inexhaustible energy of divine love crush the power of the mighty Roman empire, and give joy to the bereaved nations trodden under foot by her conquering legions. Little did the philosophers of Greece think that in a cold crypt of a caravansary in Judea a child would be born who would give to the world a philosophy that would reduce to the utmost simplicity all that can be known by man. It is now well understood that

the study of true philosophy must begin at the manger and, in this world, end at the cross.

Let us go from Bethlehem to Nazareth. The the way is rough, but the blue Syrian sky is overhead. Thirty years in that humbie home seems to be a blank. So sacred that home, so entirely consecrated to God, that the evangelists have not dared to draw aside, for a moment even, the veil that hid it from the world. The child was well cared for. His mother taught him all the graces of childhood and watched over him with the utmost solicitude. At her knees he studied the law, and when strong enough helped Joseph at the bench. Joseph died in due time, and Jesus worked dutifully for the support of his mother and himself.

The hour at length came when he had to go on his mission of redemption. The house at Nazareth was closed, and with his mother, he went forth. For three years he walked about teaching by word and example—teaching what God only had known—what God only could teach. He gave to us a maxim, the very essence of justice, the perfect embodiment of all law. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them in like manner." He went among the poor and afflicted and min-

istered to them in their sufferings and sorrows. The leper he cleansed, all kinds of diseases he cured, raised the dead to life, and took the sinner to his compassionate bosom—these he called his brethren and sisters. Who can tell how that divine heart of his grieved when he saw those poor stricken ones? Who can tell how the sympathy of God could approach human misery and bestow on it the consolation of hope and the soothing tenderness of love? But love could not be complete without sacrifice. Christ bore our infirmities and was led like a lamb to the slaughter, he carried his cross up the via dolorosa, and died on it for the world. It is finished. In every stage of his life there is a lesson—in his poverty, in his child-obedience in his labors, in his teachings, in his love, his sorrow, his sufferings and death.

Let us this Christmas day reflect on these things. Mothers, remember it is a children's festival, the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. Take the little ones to the manger and teach them that the poor child, born there, in after years when homeless and weary, took little children on his knees and blessed them. Tell them how he loved gentle words and kindly deeds, how respectful he was to the aged and the poor; how

tenderly he shared our sorrows, and how mild and pure and benevolent he was to every one. Fix his image on the hearts of your children, and emblazon on their souls his words: "Love one another as I have loved you." Tell your children of his obedience to his mother—of his labors and his love, but more than all, tell them that he is their redeemer, their father and God. Speak of him, ye fathers, when the family is gathered together; speak of his precepts, of all those laws and rules he laid down for our guidance and safety. Let him be an example in your midst, and pray to him for all the graces and blessings you need, as he prayed to his father for you.

Decorate the mantel board with holly, strew green rushes over the floor, and put a light in the window for the absent loved ones. Tonight the Christ is born. All hail the dawning Christmas day! All hail! All hail! Glory to God on high; for to us is born his Christ. All hail the day, the anniversary of the birth of our Lord. Christmas day is the keystone in the arch of time, the beacon light on the shore of eternity.

We should honor the day because we can not approach the redeeming cross unless we reverence the stable in which he was born, and the

manger in which he lay; unless we go with the Holy family to Nazareth and learn the lesson of patience and willing resignation to the will of God. It is at Nazareth we become acquainted with humility, the pure fountain of all the other virtues.

The manger at Bethlehem was the cradle of Christianity. The star in the far up Syrian sky was the first light of liberty shining down on a benighted world. It was at Bethlehem poverty was consecrated for all time to God, and the suffering and sorrows of humanity were turned into divine beautitudes. At Nazareth duty and virtue became the groundwork of Christian civilization, and purity the safeguard of honor.

Along the highways and byways traveled by Christ we pick up those germs of truth, trodden under foot by the vain and foolish. It is from him we learned that manhood and womanhood in rags, despised by the world, are measured in heaven by the mind and heart of each. The manger at Bethlehem was the first station on the way to Calvary—and the way to God begins in humility and ends in sorrow.

CHAPTER XXVII

TRAVELERS AND TOURISTS.

I have always been an admirer of books of travel, and their authors I regard as old friends with whom I enjoyed many happy hours and wandered over many lands. Whether in Asia, Africa or America, I followed with them the trend of the beautiful and the sublime, and picked up here and there reminiscences of the good and true, leaving to the dumb dust everything ignoble and vile. Antiquarian travelers, such as Layard, I loved to loiter with among the grey mouldering memorials of buried cities and dead nations—to hold converse with the shades of unremembered centuries and seek for a solution of the awful mystery of time. But it was with the happy-go-easy gentlemen of alpenstock and knapsack fame, I was most at home. These good sensible fellows turned away from the dead past to the living present. They loved nature in her every mood, and, like true philosophers, sought and found among the people the rational enjoyments of simple life. From dark shadows they saw the sun and from the sunlight looked on the dying shadows behind. Lovingly did some of them describe home life in the land

of the midnight sun. What savage grandeur of mountain and fiord. There the thunder voice of Thor was heard in battle, and the beautiful Valkyria was seen bearing her beloved slain to the Valhalla of the Gods. How pleasant to be with Irving in old Grenada, reading over her chequered history, reviewing the chivalric foes who fought on her soil, or dreaming in the Alhambra of love and romance, of the days when the Caliphs reigned in splendor surrounded with creations of Moorish genius.

But of all travelers of the alpen-stock and knapsack order, Goldsmith was the happiest and most original. He struck out for himself, traveling on foot through different countries of Europe, playing his flute for his meals or a night's lodging. In this way he studied manners, customs and institutions, storing his great mind with those simple philosophic truths and reflections which enabled him in after year to enrich English literature with a chaste style and classic purity it had not known before.

The traveler is no more, the alpen-stock and knapsack are laid aside, and the old note book is buried away. Now and then a lonely pilgrim passes across the stage of life with a worn out manuscript and a broken heart. Thus we go

one by one to the sunset, all following the kindly light of God.

The tourist is now the pet rambler of the world; he travels by steam on land or water, well equipped with guide books and bills of exchange. His one great motive is to see society, to rub against royalty and become acquainted with aristocratic stock or cion of Europe. He is by no means dilatory, and loses no time in groping among old ruins or visiting places made memorable by great achievements of man. To him the architecture of Egypt or Greece is not worth a rotten fig, and the classic lands that gave to us literature and art are dull, dreary and uninteresting. He flies from continent to continent; is in Paris one week spreading himself along the boulevards; the next week at Jerusalem, and a few days after he may be seen recounting his exploits on the banks of Lake Luzerne or in a chalet at the foot of Alps. He is well primed with small talk and French phrases; can quote a few familiar lines of Shakspeare; talk of the "Idyl of the Kings" with a cultured lisp and emphasize a gnarled verse or two from Browning. Wealth has overweighted his intellect, and the process of mental developement, obstructed in the boy, left ample room for vanity and self-

indulgence in the man. This applies to the wealthy American tourist and his feminine shadow. The American tourist cares nothing for American scenery; he would rather plant a foot on a parterre at Buckingham or Windsor than see the unsurpassed magnificence of nature among the Rocky mountains. A royal den in England or Germany would be more to his class than the Yosemite with its wonderful variety of matchless splendor. In Europe our tourists can say but very little of their own great country, but when they come home they can talk of nothing but "old families," old castles, of my Lord George, my Lady Arabella, and the little pug-nosed pet of some silly old dowager. The American tourist is no honor to his country. Does he want scenery unequaled in all the rest of the world? The West with its ever growing wonders lovingly invites him. Where can be seen such lakes and rivers as ours? They afford views unsurpassed in beauty and magnitude by those of any other country. The mountain scenery of North Carolina is truly sublime. Its fifty-seven peaks, each more than 6,000 feet high; between these are pleasant valleys, deep gorges, and beautiful streams—all in all, it can

not be surpassed by any other country on the globe. An American should be proud of his country; to be ignorant of its vastness, its glorious scenery and resources is in him a crime.

There are American people who though not claiming kin to the fading royalty and senile aristocracy of continental Europe, possess that higher rank conferred by education, common sense and tireless energy. Among them are ladies and gentlemen of refinement who have not separated themselves from their kind by arbitrary selfishness and bad manners. Therefore the modern American tourist is not in any manner a representative of our people.

The traveler of the Bayard Taylor type should be brought out and restored to his place in the respect of all intelligent men and women. Clubs could be organized, and such charges made as would in a short time aggregate a sum sufficient to equip young men to travel in the alpen-stock and knapsack style. They should be disciplined and instructed, not hampered, but free to take their own course. Such men are needed to give an impetus to intellect, to make our people better acquainted with this wonderful country; to make us better acquainted with the inhabitants of the other countries, and to learn the manners,

customs and conditions of other nations. By all honorable means let the old time traveler be restored, but we have no use for the tourist, male or female.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HEROES AND HEROINES.

A hero is defined to be "a man distinguished for valor; a brave man; a great warrior." A man may be all these, but to be in the true sense of the word a hero, his deeds must be measured by his motives. A ruffian may be bold and undaunted, and perform acts of undoubted valor, in an unjust cause, for the winning of a name or the applause of the crowd, but to be a hero, a man must have a high, pure incentive and noble aim—lacking these he forfeits all claim to heroic renown. The mercenary on the field of battle may bear from his comrades the noblest trophy by his bravery, but he cannot be esteemed a hero. The truest test of merit would be where no reward, no public distinction, could be gained. Where a man is ready or willing to endanger or sacrifice life for the good of others, ready to dash into the "yeast of waters" to rescue a fellow-being, or rush into a burning house to save some poor helpless creature from a terrible death—there is the true hero.

"The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

He who so dies though despised for his poverty, though rejected by society as an outcast,

has redeemed himself before God, and is a hero indeed. Such a man never seeks the applause of the people, he but listens to the promptings of his manly heart, and the voice of conscience.

How often does history hold up for the emulation of youth, men honored as heroes who crimsoned many a fair field with human gore, and destroyed the happy homes of inoffensive people? What were the Alexanders, Caesars, and Napoleons, but ambitious tyrants who trampled on human right to satisfy their greedy appetite for fame? And those men are called heroes—the colossal murderers who in defiance of God and humanity, outraged every principle of honor and justice! When reading of immense armies meeting in the mad conflict of battle, while we admire the "magnificently stern array" of each and get frenzied over the carnage spread around, we give no thought to the conquered nation, the defiled shrine of religion, the ruined home, the widowed wife and fatherless children. We praise the great prowess of Russia and admire the military strength of Germany, but forget that poor Poland is in chains and tears.

"O bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept without a crime."

The destroyers of her national liberty are now emblazoned in history as heroes.

It would be well to ponder these things, and having done so the conviction will come that the slayers of the peace and happiness of nations may be designated brave men, mighty conquerors, but never heroes. It is like a ray of sunshine after years of darkness to see Tell striking the fetters from the soul of his glorious Helvetia, to see Washington fighting against wrong for freedom and humanity. These two noble men were heroes, and in every heart that throbs for justice they will be revered as such. The heroes of history are few, the grave-digging warriors are many.

History loves to flash its light on purple and gold; it has no sympathy for the people. It grasps at the blazing meteor, but will not notice the quiet stars studding the firmament. One must go close to the big, throbbing heart of humanity to be a sharer of its love and simplicity. It is among the people that joy and sorrow dwell together, and there the heroic virtues flourish.

A few years ago at Oil City, Pa., a cloud-burst caused the creek to rise up high over its banks. Oil in the tanks caught fire from the lightning, and the blazing oil floated on the swollen waters.

Many persons were surrounded by the flood and were in imminent danger. A poor man having a wife and children and regarded as worthless in the community, pushed out his boat on the fiery flood. The bystanders shuddered; his wife saw him, but spoke no discouraging word. He crossed and recrossed the consuming torrent, and in a short time had saved more than twenty lives. "Why did you venture in such danger?" he was asked. "I could not," he answered, "see those people perish. I felt it my duty to go even though I should perish also." He was one of the unchronicled heroes. See that poor man coming from the mines; he works half time; he staggers but is not drunk. Day after day he has lived on one meal a day, that his poor wife and children might not suffer hunger. Do not the angels keep record of such heroes?

The world is full of heroes and heroines; of men who silently and patiently bear crushing wrongs, and bring in to wife and children a kindly word and a tender caress. Charity and simple faith are the two streams that invigorate the heart with the spirit of heroism. But the heroes of the world must yield to woman the glory of the most self-sacrificing heroism. In sickness she is an angel or mercy, tenderly watching by the

bed on which husband or child may be suffering with some serious disease. How low her voice! how tender her touch! how sleepless her eyes, and how constantly true her heart! In want she makes no complaint, and cheerfully denies herself food to feed her little ones. For her husband she has words of hope and consolation; and if a neighbor suffers she shares the pain and does all in her power to alleviate distress. Woman! there is no heroism to equal hers. It has not grown less since the day of Calvary, when she poured out her soul in sorrow at the foot of the cross. Men and women who go to distant lands with the light of the gospel, suffer many a privation. Far away from the home of childhood, they often think of the past. The refinements and comforts of life they gave up to bear their cross and follow the Master. They are familiar with danger, and their associations are often rude and offensive. All that could make life dear to one's heart, all the courtesies and graces of good society, they resigned for the love of God and the good of humanity. If these are not heroes and heroines, duty is a mistake and Christian charity a gloomy illusion.

The heroes and heroines of the world are numerous; they are found where famine, lean

and haggard, sits brooding over its victims, and the "hunger pain" is gnawing at the heart. When the plague strikes a community, danger is forgotten, and men and women rush into slum or cottage, into the crowded tenement, or the shed where the outcast is sheltered, to cool the fervered brow and moisten the parched lips. Nay, more, they direct the eyes of the dying to the opening portals of heaven, and whisper to the departing soul a message for the angel of mercy.

The hero walks the crowded thoroughfare with the quiet confidence of a child; and the heroine passes on the highway or meets you at her home with a calm brow and sweet smile. Poor are they indeed—no wealth is theirs, but in the humble cottage or cabin one can find pure, true love, cheerfulness and a hearty, gentle resignation to the will of God.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS.

One can not contemplate the human mind, so marvelously grand is it, without admiring its freedom, its limitless domain and creative faculty of thought. It is a pity that these grand qualities should ever be marred by any vicious act of the will. Truth is one element of the mind that should direct all its forces, and if this be obscured by any cause, its freedom is lost, and the beauty it worshipped disappears.

There is no one commandment of the decalogue less honored and more commonly violated than the one which is the title of this paper. Lying is denounced in the scriptures as a fearful crime, and to its woeful influences are attributed all manner of disorders. There is no sin more prolific of evil to society or more offensive to God. It has invaded the sanctuary of religion and defiled it with hypocrisy. It has been the forerunner of intellectual pride and the source of all heresies. It has perverted the word of God and even denied God himself. It sat among the high priests in open accusation of Christ, and sneered at him in the Pretorium before Pilate.

It sent the early Christians to martyrdom and dragged helpless old age, robust manhood and chaste virgins into the amphitheatre to be devoured by wild beasts.

Apart from its warfare against God, if we follow its career through the nations of the earth, we will see the widespread ruin it has wrought. Every war has been instigated by falsehood, and every act of injustice perpetrated by man against man has been prompted or defended by it. The statesmanship of this world adopts it, and justifies duplicity and dishonesty by success. There is not a nation today under the merciless rule of tyranny but can justly charge its enslavement to lying.

Law, in the abstract, defined as "Reason, teaching and legislating for the common good," is no longer the safeguard of society, and is, perhaps, justly regarded as a technical system of evasion or downright dishonesty. An oath is regarded as a mere formal act, and too often the culprit goes clear and the innocent man is punished. Twelve men as jurors are no better than twelve men as witnesses, and conflicting testimony is by no means a vindication of ignorance or falsehood. How many poor creatures have swung into eternity—doomed to that

wretched death by the oath of one or two persons whose word would not be taken in any decent, moral community. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." But if the false witness gains the cause the majesty of the law is vindicated, let the divine law be what it may.

One is almost afraid to trust politics. In the election of officers from president down to constable, no man ought to be supported who is not thoroughly honest and capable. But the struggle for party supremacy has been so fierce and reckless, and society so convulsed thereby, that the offensive dregs at the bottom have been worked up above the surface. Common sense has been relegated to the dung hill, and the frothy, foul demagogue and turbulent partisan takes the places which should be reserved for good men and true. Why is this? Lies are afloat, and sensitive gentlemen shudder at slander. Candidates abuse and villify one another, and the press, which ought to shield public and private decency, becomes a groveling slave and the foulest offender of all. What else can be expected where honor, integrity and truth are disregarded? Lies elevate the lowest to high positions and degrade gentlemen to the lowest

standard. Political lies invade the sacred precincts of home, and cause the heart of a pure wife to bleed for her slandered, loving husband. Lies rule everywhere in politics—lies and greed—lies and a sham manhood.

Society without charity is sure to have a callous heart and a seared conscience. Is not the liar present everywhere to poison virtue and banish peace? Burns is right:

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

Let us reflect; inhumanity and truth cannot cohere, and therefore every crime against man springs from his brother man's falsehood. The young man who makes an effort to rise to an honorable position, some liar tries to crush. If by industry he makes a happy home, another, jealous of his prosperity, slanders him to the public and so ruins him. Whatever business one follows, the liar shadows him to do him injury. If a man goes to church regularly and leads a good, moral life, the liar brands him as a knave and hypocrite. If one tries to keep a fair reputation and good character, the liar assails his motives with slander. But of all crimes committed against society, the most inhuman is that of a man slandering a woman.

Her name she tries to keep clean, but the cowardly slanderer spews out the deadly poison of falsehood against her. Be she foul with sin the ruffian who, instead of lifting her up, would hold her down in degradation, is not a man but a brute in the likeness of a man.

Among women the liar has a prominent place —the sweet smiling liar that cuts with the keen knife of deceit her poor sister to pieces. It is enough to make angels weep to see the Judas kiss, and hear the assurance of sisterly affection, while at the same time the sparkling drug is ready for the work of death. If some young woman yields to the tempting liar, her sisters, instead of taking her by the hand and helping her to get out of her shame and her sorrow, spurn her as unclean and repulse her with scorn. Compassion, love, mercy—all are outraged, and the example set by Christ rudely rejected. The tattler, the gadding newsmonger must needs be a liar. Woman belongs to a higher sphere. From the past she can get inspiration from those of her sex whose love and pity, meekness and humility, were the glory of their lives. Is the spirit of Christ dead among us? Is it a shame to touch his garments, and can purity suffer by kneeling at his feet and

shedding tears with the repentant Magdalen? Let the liar be avoided.

Religion suffers where there is neither truth nor charity. All the doctrines and dogmas of all the Christian churches are dead drift without the spirit of charity. It is not plain to me that truth can exist in any church without charity. Because one person does not agree with another on some doctrine, is that cause for the abusive language, ill-will, scandal and misrepresentation? A man's opinion in religion is nothing with God, but his intentions and deeds are closely observed. Am I to resign my liberty of conscience to please another? I am responsible to God for it, and to Him only; His approbation is more to me than all the doctrines or dogmas in the world. The churches cannot agree dogmatically, but they can, they will, agree in charity. As long as bitterness, strife and misrepresentation are indulged there can be no charity, and where charity is not practiced God will not abide.

Everywhere the liar is at work undermining social purity. In colleges and universities, diplomas are granted to students of law and medicine who have acquired but little knowledge beyond a mere acquaintance with technology,

and the general outlines of necessary professional culture.

What are such diplomas but lies under seal of law to do grievous wrong to society? In our free school system certificates are granted to young men and young women who are not well acquainted with the primary branches and these certificates are lies that defraud our young people of good, competent instructors, and consequently of necessary education. In all the stores of the country, almost every article sold for the table is adulterated and the wicked lie stamped by authority of law.

Is there any way of destroying this gigantic evil? There is. In the family we must commence. We must keep the heart pure and harbor only pure thoughts. If we bridle the tongue and practice self-denial, relying on God for help, the victory will be ours. We must love our neighbor as ourselves, and do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

CHAPTER XXX

LIBERTY.

Liberty has been a favorite theme of poet and orator in all ages, and could always elicit the warmest feelings and highest flights in either. With the first dawn of reason comes the first dream of liberty to the human soul, and next to love is honored and revered wherever the heavy hand of oppression is felt. Wherever the conqueror marches, the seed of liberty is sown in blood and tears. The child hears it in the sweet, sad songs of the mother, and the old man, tired of life, takes its inspiration with him to heaven. Where the shadow of tyranny lies the throb of liberty is felt in the long-suffering heart of the enslaved. Nations that have been despoiled folded up its spirit in the grave for a promised resurrection.

Adam and Eve must have wept bitterly for the liberty they had lost by disobedience, and the Chaldean, watching his flock, often looked up to the starlit page of prophecy for some sure sign of its advent. The children of Israel waited, watched and prayed for liberty, and when Messiah brought it to them they rejected

him and it. As in the past, so in the present, it is a magnificent illusion, or a reality not yet seen nor understood.

And I—I too have been a dreamer—I too have worshipped the unseen light, and followed in fancy every transient ray that fell upon the pathway of my hopes. I left the Eden of my youth beguiled by a splendid fantasy and for years have wandered in search of my beautiful ideal, but found it not. I was no slave—my home was a happy one; all that I could rationally enjoy was there. A new era was begun; right was forcing down might by reason, and hoary prejudices were dying out under the mild light of intelligence. How often do we travel far to seek what we left behind us at home! We go to Jerusalem to see footprints of Christ and leave him the divine consoler in the midst of the dear home circle.

But is the word liberty fairly understood? It is, we are told, "power of acting without restraint." If so the liberty of the strong man may destroy the liberty of the weak man; the liberty of the rich man may destroy the liberty of the poor man. Crime would be in the ascendant and virtue at the mercy of the vicious and evil-minded. Is not this the history of human lib-

erty the world over? It is questionable that what is commonly regarded as liberty can exist without a moral apprehension of right and wrong, and the duty that man owes to man, regulated by justice and equity. Man cannot be free unless he submits to necessary restraint no more than he can be morally good without practicing self-denial.

But liberty will be loved through all time however it may be defined. Be it so, but let it be the liberty that loves justice and fair play; that would regulate society by healthy restraint, and repel every aggression on human rights. Liberty can ennoble no man, man must ennoble himself, and by his good conduct help society to the highest possible achievements by moral force. The liberty of the orator is a pleasant fancy the liberty of the poet a delicious dream.

Irrational liberty, however it may be considered, is wrong. The communist and nihilist have tried it and may defend it. It levels all distinctions, sets God at defiance, and tramples on every law human and divine. Irrational liberty has had its day in France, but the stiletto and the guillotine can never again be employed as the agents of liberty. But it is this brutal

liberty anarchy would give us as a panacea for all wrongs.

Is there no other form of liberty that man can rationally crave? There is: "The truth will make you free." This is the true philosophic answer flashed from the soul of Christ. But where can this truth be found? In the teachings of Jesus Christ, and in this divine truth—this glorious liberty—are love, misery, justice, purity and charity. These surely are enough for every country and people. Where these virtues are practiced—where they are adopted as the true rule of life, there can be no tyranny, no war, no oppression; love will reign in every heart and home, and God will be our father, law-giver and king.

"The truth will make you free."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE WRECKERS.

In many part of the world the sea coast is dangerous at night to mariners, and to prevent shipwreck and save life high towers with powerful light on top were built in those places. The first tower of this kind, recorded in history, was that at Pharos, at the entrance to the port of Alexandria. There was a class of men called buccaneers or pirates who were more dangerous than rocky coast or stormy sea. It is said of them that they at times would take possession of a lighthouse, put out the light, that some ships might be dashed against rocks, and fall into their hands.

English and French adventurers who combined to commit depredations on the Spanish possessions in America, in the 17th and 18th centuries, were of the buccaneer class, and not free from horrible crimes. On many dangerous sea coasts people lived who were called wreckers. Some of these would make false high lights to allure unsuspecting sailors to certain destruction, after which the wreck and its contents would be at their mercy. Those terrible crimes

are now but black memories of the past, and the pirate and wrecker live only in some grewsome tales of the sea.

Thousands of years ago God erected a lighthouse to warn mankind of danger, and flash its light over the treacherous reef and the hidden whirpool. The lighthouse was built on a mountain; it was to be a light to the mayfarer's feet, but people grew wise in their own conceit and heeded not the light nor listened to the voice of the Almighty. The wreckers came along; an invisible hand put out the light for a while, and destruction and death covered the earth. Again and again the prophetic light of God appeared, and the warning voice was heard, but haughty men turned away from the Holy mount, and laughed at the light of prophecy and the awful voice of heaven. The light was again put out, and Babylon and Nineveh, and other nations passed into eternal darkness, leaving no vestige of their greatness behind, but ghastly ruins and empty names. The wreckers were at hand, and their work was completely done. The avenging spirits—the merciless wreckers—were not of God, they came into being when oppression ground the poor to dust, and the voice crying for mercy was drowned in the noise of brutal

debauchery. The lighthouse stands and the wreckers are sleeping close to a volcano.

Rome, imperial, mighty Rome, would own the world. In her coarse, sensuous pleasures; in her contempt of justice, truth and humanity, she scorned the lighthouse on the hill, and defied the word that called the world into existence. In the zenith of her glory she felt an unseen power working against her, and down swept from the foot of the Carpathian mountains, the fierce Hun—the scourge of God—and from the north of Europe, the German barbarians, and trampled on the imperial enslaver of the world. Rome passed out, also passed into her own Tartarus—vanquished by her own crimes, cruelties and indecency. The wreckers claimed the spoil and they who had no mercy in the days of their greatness, received none.

The light on the hill needed to be trimmed. A new light appeared: "The light that lighteneth every man." God himself came, put on our humanity and in veriest love and pity, lived among us. How beautiful the light shone! How good he was and true! "He came unto his own and his own received him not," but tried to put out the light by destroying him. They took the Holy one and crucified him.

For a moment the light disappeared and as he rose from the dead, the light shone with renewed brillinacy, and so it has shone, so it shines and will forever shine in this world until the end of time.

Around that lighthouse today, poor wreckers are working with might and main to undermine the house and put out the light. Through all the storms and tribulations of the past nineteen hundred years, the light of divine truth has been shining. It has shown to philosophy the way out of darkness, and endowed human law with justice and mercy. It has given hope to the poor and filled the toiler's home with peace and love. Who are the wreckers that would destroy the light of God? The infidel, who denies him, the materialist, who would annihilate spiritual life and leave to mankind only the cold, damp clay of the grave; the oppressor who would take from humanity the love and sympathy of Christ; churches without faith that would subordinate the simple truths of the Gospel to intellectual pride—that overshadowing curse of the world.

The lighthouse of God is standing and will forever stand to give light to the world, to lead the poor and needy to eternal happiness. Wind nor wave, nor wrecker can dim the light of truth or weaken the love of our Father in heaven.

CHAPTER XXXII

LEGAL ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF WHISKEY.

Excepting the cleaning of streets and the overhauling the quarters of the poor in the cities, there are no laws or regulations for proper sanitation in the United States. We may boast of our civil institutions and of our equality before the law, but what we are in the law is not clearly understood. Individual liberty is right to some extent, but it would be best to restrain it at all times within rational limits. When the people of the United States pay about $90,000,000 annually for adulterants among which are sawdust, sand, soap grease and horse fat, and other unplatable substances, little can be said in favor of the government that allows such outrages to be committed by the wealthy few. But it seems that wherever great wealth exists, law becomes its most obsequious servant. It would be no offense to our national pride to go back to the great lawgiver, Moses, and borrow from him the sanitary laws he gave to his people. They are far in advance of our modern rules of hygiene, and are fully approved by our ablest writers on the subject.

Sand, soap, sawdust and horse fat! Why, a cannibal would not insult his stomach with such stuff. One-sixth of our infant population die from drinking impure milk, and more deaths are caused by impure water than by alcoholic drinks. If Herod were living today he would blush for our cold-blooded, legal way of massacring poor children. It is a wonder that women do not use block and tackle, instead of yeast or baking powders, to raise their dead dough. Our coffee is composed of whole beans made of starch and dough and pressed into shape, and other ingredients also. In a half dozen cups of the beverage there could not be found pure coffee enough to stimulate a gnat. Is it a cause of surprise that we are so much afflicted with constipation, and suffer, as we do from nervous exhaustion? The only thing to relieve one from such a deadly aggregation of these foul adulterants would be croton oil or dymanite. If the adulteration of food would be a violation of the internal revenue law, United States marshals and deputy marshals would be all over the country with stomach pumps to hunt up cases. The pure food congress of 1898 deserves much credit for those exposures. The murder of children and infections of the people are shameful results

of bad government. No action is permissable in congress to save the people from criminals, protected by law and to a great extent are law-makers themselves.

The farmer takes his produce to market, and buys for what it may bring, table necessaries 75 per cent adulteration. But our learned economists say that the law protects the farmer and the adulterating industry alike. It is the old adage: "Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost." There is another kind of adulteration scarcely ever referred to, that of whiskey, beer and wine. The whiskey trusts put an article on the market so foully adulterated that to it may be charged 50 per cent of all the murders, suicides, insanity and home destruction in the country.

Social reformers never touch these evils. Christian temperance societies pass them by lest they offend established degnity. What care they for murdered children? What care they for widespread disease propagated by law? With them intemperance is the one, great evil —it is the Paganisni string of their reform fiddle. The preacher turns away from the evils of adulteration, because it would not do to offend church-going members who freely contribute to

home and foreign missions, and are always liberal to their pastor.

In remote mountain regions, distilleries have been at work without any authority of law. In this way they are enabled to pay their taxes, and purchase adulterated groceries. The moonshiner is as much superior to a whiskey-trust gentleman as his mountain dew to the licensed abomination called whiskey. He cannot afford to send his daughter to Vassar or any other high educational establishment, he keeps her at home and she loves home work. On his native mountains he is a living witness against the law.

Is it not time that we would cease boasting of our powers and civilization, and look about for a Hercules to cleanse our Augean stable? The health of the people, moral and physical, is the first thing legislation should attend to. The adulteration of food and of alcoholic drinks is legal as long as taxes are paid for so doing. Adulteration can afford to pay, but the pure article can not. Thus it is that the government issues license to poison food, and furnish whiskey that incites men to deeds of crime, to murder, suicide and insanity. How long shall the iniquity last? How long shall the government of this great country continue to pander to injustice, crime and greed?

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE WATCH MEETING.

Many years ago, long before there was any thing said of the Norfolk and Western railroad, the little valley in which stands Welch, the county seat of McDowell county, West Virginia, was a place of gloomy, savage grandeur. Down the wild mountains dashed many a bright stream, screened by the dark forest in summer, and in winter sheltered by impending crags above. The Elkhorn region was almost a solitude, and Tug river, into which the Elkhorn river flows, had on either side a wild, rugged appearance. The valley of each stream was regarded as a refuge for outlaws, but in both, the people though rude were honest, kind-hearted and hospitable. They hunted or fished, raised corn and vegetables enough, paid their debts, and had their meeting houses where they met to worship God. They had their faults to be sure, but they had also those sterling virtues which are the safeguards of society every where. Pride did not enervate nor fashion corrupt them. I became acquainted with those good people thirty years ago, they were my friends, and liv-

ing or dead they have a green place in my memory.

Close to the spot now known as Welch, lived a family named Belcher, some of whom I have well known. They cherished the traditions that came down from the pioneer days, and had a never-failing stock of ghost and witchcraft lore. Mr. Belcher loved dogs, and at one time was raising two young ones on which he set much value. One of them got injured and was killed to "put it out of pain." The creature was buried, where the fine court house now stands, and was shunned for years by youngsters as a weird spot haunted by the ghost of Belcher's little dog. But neither ghost of man, woman or dog can stalk around with impunity, where the spirit of law holds court in the silence of night, in mimicry of noisy litigation. It might have been that an injunction was served on the canine spook that caused it to leave for parts unknown.

I was spending at one time the Christmas holidays at the mouth of Elkhorn, with friends, enjoying mountain sports, and sharing in all the simple pleasures of young and old. A young man of the neighborhood was heels over head in love with a fine looking girl of Indian Creek,

Wyoming county. She was objected to by his parents, but love laughs at parental prohibition, as well as at locks and keys. I was well informed by the honest young fellow of the situation and I urged him to be true and faithful to the girl. He left but once while I was there, and on his return he told me there would be an elopement before long.

Early on the last day of the year I was invited to go with a party of friends to a watch meeting, in which the last hours of the expiring year would be spent watching for the advent of the New Year. Snow had been intermittingly falling for days, and a depth of a foot or more was in the valley. The meeting place was about six miles off, on a high mountain ridge. We started in the afternoon, and never shall I forget the hard tug we had to make the summit. Night fell on us when about half way up the mountain; the path deeply covered was easily found by my companions. The languid moonlight lying in the valley, made the scene look eerie; the wind was stirless, and the mountains held their breath lest a dream should disturb nature in her temple while celebrating the obsequies of the dying year. Above us the trees were robed in vestal white, and in the deep chasms on either side not

a sound was heard to break the solemn silence. When we reached the summit a dead world lay around us. I wonder if so it will be when all the years are dead, and life with its hopes and dreams is lying in its white sepulchral shroud? It cannot be so, for He who is the "resurrection and the life," will come, and we will hear him say: "Arise! death is conquered; enter ye into eternal life."

There were about thirty or so watchers in the house before us, and through the night we numbered about fifty. The men were on one side, the women on the other side, and a huge log fire gave sufficient heat to make us comfortable. A venerable old man, with long, white beard, sat behind the desk and conducted the simple, affecting services. He led in prayer, in such a reverent, solemn manner that every heart was touched. His allusions to the dying year; the departed friends who left within its time; the changes, the joys and the sorrows, brought tears to every eye. When the prayer was ended he called on all present to stand up and sing a song, which he intoned. I was astonished; I expected to see a gossiping crowd, without religious services or serious thought. After singing, the old

man addressed his attentive congregation on the shortness of time, the certainty of death, and the duration of eternity. He eloquently described the pleasures of a well-spent life; truth, purity and charity he impressed on the minds of his hearers, and strongly urged his dear friends to shun bad company, to practice good manners, and to be kindly disposed to one another. Singing and praying went on until midnight. The old man tapped the desk with his cane, and all knelt. Not a word or sigh was heard—the pulse of time ceased to beat, and as the watch held by the venerable leader told the hour of twelve, another tap on the desk was heard, and all present rose to their feet to sing a song of joyful greeting to the new-born year.

At three o'clock in the morning we separated, all well pleased and happy. When outside the house, a man much excited brought the news that Tom Collis and his sweetheart had fled and went in the direction of Tazewell county. I well knew they would not go in that direction. Parties went different ways after them, and then when seemingly too late, Tom's parents relented. I struck out for Elkhorn alone, and had not gone more than two miles when I heard

Tom in a low voice calling to me from behind a huge fallen tree. The young woman was near at hand, and I successfully urged them to come with me to the Collis home. There was much rejoicing over their return. Next day Mr. Collis went to Perryville for a marriage license, and the second day after the happy twain were made one. Tom Collis I am informed is comfortable and respected, but many of those who were that night at the watch meeting have passed away.

A few years ago I went by the old meeting house; it was in ruins, the logs were all rotting away, and the fireplace choked up with mouldering debris. Where was the good, "old man eloquent?"—he who on that night long ago filled my heart with longings for a better life—where is he? In heaven surely, for a purer soul than his seldom passed up the star-lit avenue to the land of God. I remained there until night, hoping that the noon would shine out on mountain and valley again. The streams were all flush, and the forests dark with their glorious foliage. The vision of death was gone—the deep glens were lit up by wandering beams of light, and the mountain ridges were aglow with the soft radiance of the autumn moon and the stars.

I sat on a rock for a while, and I prayed for a home in the valley of peace where angels hold watch meetings for the new born year of life and love eternal.

CHAPTER XXXIV

LOST VOCATIONS.

It is a sad thing to see so many men and women wearing their lives out, sighing or fretting for opportunity to accomplish a purpose, and give sluggish thought bent in some great enterprise, but the opportunity is close by waiting for courage and energy. The shores of time are covered with wrecks of hope, and all because we do not embrace the hour and use it as best we may. Everywhere there is something to be done, for the mind is never at rest, and is always suggesting some new design for honest labor. One thought produces another thought, and no work begun is ever finished in this world. If Columbus sat down with his wild dreams of adventure, wishing and praying for a favorable opportunity, he never would have crossed the Atlantic ocean. His will found the opportunity and courage, assisted by God, won success. "There is no such thing as failure" was an adage of the great Napoleon. Effort is never lost in the direction of honorable aim. It is a law of our being that one begins for others to continue, and in that law opportunity is ever

present to those who are willing to think and act for themselves and for posterity. "O if I had the opportunity!" exclaims a whittling philosopher, "the vital spark within me would have dazzled the world." The world does not want to be dazzled—it has light enough, but if the little spark would shine out along a plow handle, or any other implement of labor, the world would thank him for his contribution to its wealth and to the comfort of society. It is not vital, glinting little sparks, but vital thoughts, vital morality and vital manhood, that is most needed. The man or woman who has no will requires no opportunity.

Opportunity is present but what is to be done for vocation? It is found one day and lost the next. It appears in the future a splendid vision of fame, and when we go to embrace it, it flies back to the spot from which we started. The world is wasting its energies running after illusions, and not until we are unable to walk or run, do we learn that vocation is in the mind. It is not at all necessary that we wait for a call, the rule of action is in the will ready to guide and help when we are ready to do our present duty. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." There is no time but the

present in human life, and it is hardly worth our while to be striving for what may lie beyond—unless we strive for the eternal present, where God is life and love and truth.

The great builders of civilization in the past, began at the foundation; each had his special work to do, and nothing was left undone to mar the fair proportions of the structure. In these days we know not where to begin, nor what to do, and our civilization is left for completion to confused thought and vapid action. No man ought boast of his individual liberty who is lacking in self-reliance. It is not from this political party, nor from that other political party, the besetting evils of society come, but from the large population of indolent non-producers, who are ever waiting or looking for a suitable vocation. It is this very element standing between labor and capital that keeps these two necessary forces of national, industrial life, so very far apart.

Everywhere in this grand country the doleful cry goes up: "I lost my vocation." Every day thousands, nay millions, are hoping but never trying to find it. Webster once said, speaking of his profession—the law: "There's room enough at the top," and ever since, young men have been locating their vocation up among the clouds. There is more room at the bottom,

down where intellect has to be developed and disciplined by dint of patient, honest labor. The professions are all inviting, but while many are called, few, very few, are chosen. An old lady once said, after reading some verses of Dr. Watts, "I had when young a strong desire to compose poetry. I tried my hand and failed and in good time learned that my vocation was in the kitchen, the garden, the dairy, and knitting or mending socks or stockings."

Our young men and young women ought bestir themselves in the way of searching for their lost vocations. "Seek and you shall find" is a divine truth, spoken by Christ. In the workshop, the mines, the forest, wherever labor may be employed, these vocation can be found. Sons of farmers will find, if they seek, their lost vocations on the farm where they played in childhood. At the plow the inspiration may come to lift your soul up nearer to God and to humanity. Young women will find their vocation in the dear old home, helping mothers in the performance of household duties, visiting the sick and giving courage to those of weak faith. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The vocation of every life lies between the willing heart and God.

CHAPTER XXXV

MONUMENTS—PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

There is in every man's mind, however ignorant he may be, an idea of immortality that is sure to shoot out one time or another. He may try to persuade himself that it is a delusion, but the thought of death strangles the effort, and he feels himself involved in the great mystery of life. Does life end in what we call death? If so, its purpose will remain unfinished, and what comes of the mind with its vast schemes and free and boundless range of thought? If a man cannot find out whence life came, cannot go back to the beginning, how can he know where or how, if ever, it will end? The infidel is anxious to win a great name, but if in this world life is all it can be, and there is no other world for man, what can name or fame be to him? His child dies—his only child, a lovely little girl, and he erects a monument over her inanimate dust. Looking at her grave he asks himself: "Where is her smile, where her pleasant voice?" and a voice within him asks: "Where?" Death came to himself, and name and fame were unknown. He willed that a grand monument be raised over his dust also. The little girl when

dying thought of her dead mother and called to her; he when dying thought of his wife and child, and tenderly breathed their names. It was the law of continuity. The remembrance of wife and child was a pathetic proof of their presence somewhere, and the wish to have a costly monument cast a reflection beyond time into into eternity.

Egypt is the monumental land of antiquity, but its monuments are as silent as the Sphinx, yet eloquent in their silence of times, evanescent glory that has in every age its day, and is lost for ever more. A monarch must have his name perpetuated through all future time—he built Cheops, but the name of the king has been swallowed up in oblivion. All the wonderful monuments in the valley of the Nile—all its temples are monuments—stand in awful splendor, marked by their shadows and flouted by the winds of heaven. They seem to say, "Man had his dream of glory here? Where is he now and where are they?" Vanity, vanity, and all is vanity. What high hopes and magnificent ambition swayed the minds of the great men of old! Fame and glory were with them the great objects of life. The true, the good, the pure were despised, and will be to the end; while deeds of

blood and slaughter of man by man constituted then as now the strongest claim to the homage of the age. They had monuments erected to keep their glory from mildew. History was unborn in those days, and time the ruthless inconoclast came along and tore from the granite the record of name and fame. Imperial Rome had her monuments also; Pompey has a pillar and Trajan has a pillar also. We go to history for their achievements, but in it we cannot see despoiled nations; we hear not the wail of the widow nor the cry of the orphan. The Egypt of antiquity is no more. Imperial Rome is dead and buried, but the building of monuments has not ceased. France has given columns to Napoleon and to Turenne, and England honors her dead heroes—if it is known—with costly shaft and splendid cenotaph. America goes beyond all in the erection of costly monuments,—monuments in every city—monuments on battlefields—monuments everywhere. This monument craze brings to my mind the bitter disappointment of a gifted American author and his friends. They went up on a hill in Greece to see the grave of Themistocles. It was neatly fenced, and as they got within the enclosure to read the epitaph of the great Greek, what was their surprise to read: "To the

Memory of John Johnson, Tailor, of London," &c. One would think that in this country the vulgarity of pride would be checked, by some means or other, and that the simple sepulture known to our fathers would be good enough for all. The green grave on the hillside is the dearest grave that can be made. To paganism we are indebted for monument building. He who has done but little for humanity in the ways of peace, justice and charity, need not depend on a grand mausoleum or a lying page of history to transmit his name to posterity. The structure may stand for some time, and the lie of history hold its place, but the loving heart of humanity, creating truth and justice, will pass the dull trophy of pride coldly by, and leave to history the dead evidence of its shame.

We will go from the place of skulls into the light of truth. Yonder is a monumental temple to the glory and honor of God. How beautiful it looks in its faultless symmetry! Within the sacred edifice there is no time, nothing but the life of eternal love and the light of eternal truth. Here the poor, weary heart finds rest, when it lays down pride and its passions at the foot of the Cross. It is the only refuge of humanity, because it is the temple of the God of justice

and mercy. In it there is no distinction, for Christ died for rich and poor, for the devoted Christian and the poor sinner alike. Such is one of the monuments erected by Christian love to the memory of Christ. It can never be destroyed, because it is built on the rock of divine truth. It would be a glorious thing to see people who profess to be Christians turn away from pagan customs and build monuments, for themselves and their children to God. In our rural countries the dead rebuke us from their graves.

Christian charity asks that an asylum be built for the aged poor, for the brothers and sisters of those afflicted ones, healed long ago by Christ. The blind, the lame, the diseased one tottering on the brink of the grave, beg the helping hand of religious sympathy to alleviate as much as possible their distress. It is to be another Christian monument reared above dead selfishness and pride. This is the work Christ wants us to do—these were his associates for whom he often wept. Paganism nor pagan-Christianity ever built a momument for as noble a purpose. The cost of that mausoleum you see, or of that bronze group close by would build a magnificent asylum, but the dime or dollar voluntarily bestowed by the ever generous hand of labor, will

build an asylum whose apex will pierce the sky and touch the footstool of God.

We must build another monument, a home for the orphan boys and girls—a home where religion will guide the heart and education take charge of the intellect. Without a home those boys and girls would be lost—lost to virtue, self-respect and God, and would be a curse to themselves and to society. They belong to Christ, and how he loves them we may know from his own words: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." This monument will be dedicated to Christ also. The influence of our orphan asylum will be felt in after ages, for it is from these waifs, men and women come forth with the courage of faith and the splendid force of developed intellect to left humanity up to a higher plane. The Christian monument is a design of God—true ideal of divine and human love. "A monument to what or whom?" some one asks. I reply, "a monument over dead hatred and ill will, over buried covetousness. Its foundation is humility, its architect the Holy Ghost.

There is another monument essentially Christian to be erected, it will be a hospital for the poor. Turn not your heads aside, ye frivolous dupes of pride. The least of God's afflicted

children is better than any of you. Pagan-Christianity cannot think of such a thing as a hospital for the poor. Another mausoleum and dress parade are demanded to honor—what? One it may be, like others, who never had human sympathy in his heart, nor on his tongue a kindly word for the poor and needy. Hospitals for the poor will continue to go up. Love and mercy plead for them; the compassionate angels of heaven will assist in their construction, and big-hearted Christian people will be always ready to respond to the sacred call of charity.

Simple Christianity of the old style when contrasted with our modern Pagan Christianity, looks healthy and pure. It is better to continue in the old simple ways of our fathers and be satisfied with a quiet, modest grave when we die, and a home in Heaven.

But let nothing cause us to forget that our Christian monuments, the holy institutions of charity, are the glory of the Christian church.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Last evening, while thinking of old friends and old times passed away, a pleasant recollection of the Fourth of July came to me. America in those days was the happiest country in the world. So happy were the people that social distinctions never for a moment embittered their minds, and the fretful jealousies, so very common in these days, and always conducive to contention and ill-will, never annoyed them.

A dozen or more friends—I among the number—made up our minds to have a Fourth of July celebration of our own. The ladies of the party gave much attention and time to the preparations, and we were all intent on making the occasion as pleasant as possible. It was easy to find an appropriate place in Nicholas county then, and we selected a delightful grove close to Gauley in what is now called Fishtown. The cliffs below us were high and almost perpendicular. The wild laurel was in flower, and the river fretted and foamed, forcing its way between immense rocks—"fragments of an earlier world,"

while sun and shadow in the canyon divided the territory between them from mountain to mountain. Birds, dear, happy birds, were warbling around us, and the blue sky overhead was seen through the leafy screen of the forest. The grove was beautiful, trees laid out in order, by the hand of nature, and seats were neatly arranged around a commodious rustic table. The hampers were full of good things; pies of various kinds, light bread and sweet cake; chickens, yellow, plump and fat; mutton as sweet as ever frolicked on the braes of McKee's creek, and ham that would moisten the teeth of an epicure. A dozen bottles of pure old rye were tenderly stowed away from baser communication. Prohibition was not born yet, nor was a dram of whiskey considered a greater crime than slander or murder. We had a chairman, as jolly as ever cracked a joke or drew a cork from prison. Although we had no prayer offered on the occasion, we had grateful hearts, and best of all, we loved one another. By the time we commenced exercises our party numbered about two dozen, without further increase for the remainder of the day, for which we were duly thankful. A trio, composed of a gentleman from Cross Lanes, a young lady from Laurel Creek and myself, sang the

"Star Spangled Banner" in fine style. I sang base, and was highly complimented. One young lady asked me very sincerely if I had not taken lessons in a menagerie? The chairman of good, old Revolutionary stock, suggested that we drink to the "Star Spangled Banner," and it was done in gushing style. Not a drop of the patriotic libation was lost. The remembrance of those patriotic days of old, stir up my cold, old heart to-day. Next came the reading of the Declaration of Independence, which evoked an enthusiasm that I cannot describe. And those days are gone, and will they never return?

The chairman rose with kindly eye and said: "The question before the chair is what shall be next?—dinner or the oration. For myself I propose dinner, and for this reason it makes men and women more appreciable—more easily affected by oratory—all in favor of dinner and the etceteras, hold up their hands"—dinner has it, and now in the name of liberty let us decently begin. A couple of bottles were uncorked as a necessary preliminary, and after two drinks each, the carving and slashing began. The way in which that dinner disappeared would make a hungry railsplitter turn pale. As coffee was inconvenient, whiskey had to take its place, as

suitable an arrangement as could be made. After dinner the orator of the day stood up, and went through a balancing exercise that was delightful. His oration was grand. The Revolutionary war was fought over! Liberty bell, the American Eagle, and the Stars and Stripes were each apostrophised with consuming eloquence. "It was a pity," he said, "to keep the American people chained down to peace, when in war we could whip a dozen worlds." The audience was wild; some loudly cheered, others shed tears—all patriotic of course. After the oration we had recitations, short speeches and songs, but my assistance as base singer was gently declined by all. A good fiddle and banjo were on hand, a stage was improvised, and the dancing commenced. Jigs, reels, doubles and hornpipes went on into the night. Nothing in the world can equal the good, old muscular dancing. Empty bottles were replenished—how I never could find out—and while the fluid lasted the dancing never flagged. The hour of parting came; the long pent-up souls broke out in wildest cheers, and Gauley, hushed with awe, wondered at the noise. The Fourth was over. O, the old time Fourth! when manhood and woman-

hood were happy and not ashamed of their country!

I made my way down the cliffs to the river, and sat at the foot of a huge boulder, from which I looked on the seething waters in the moonlight. It was a weird place, with its flitting shadows and dismal sounds. There are times in one's life when supernatural thoughts come to the mind with gloomy prophecy, and do what we may, they cannot be dismissed by any effort of the will. They came there to me that night. My heart grew sad under the spell, and I wished I had left with my happy associates. I remained by the river until the early dawn of the morning. Forty years have passed since that pleasant Fourth of July, and to-day I wonder where are they who were with me there. Some have wandered away from home and friends; others have gone out by slow decay, a few only remain, and they will soon be removed. The strings of the fiddle and banjo are broken for ever, and the soul of music lies hushed in the lonesome hall of silence. The dance is over, and the bottles are empty still. But the Gauley river frets as it forces its way between the rocks; the shadows play in moonlight nights as they did

long, long ago, and the graves of the dead are still as the spirit of peace.

So do we fret and fume as we pass away down to the deep sea, and there in the hush of the soul, we take a last look on the record of memory and pass to the other shore.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WAR.

It is not easy to see how civilization can exist as long as war is regarded as the arbiter of nations. Great armaments are the embodiment of might and the only enslaver of mankind. War is claimed to be a necessary evil, but it is unreasonable to think that evil can, in any way be necessary. Nations as well as individuals ought to be tried for alleged offenses, and to this end an international high court of arbitration should be established. Two nations are at variance; is the stronger right because the weaker has to submit? There would be no justice in this; it would be an act in accord with the old brutal law of might. Great armaments may enrich a few and increase national territory, but the toiling masses have to support them. What right had Napoleon to invade different nations of continental Europe? None whatever. What right had Russia, Prussia and Austria to dismember Poland, and blot her name out from the map of Europe? The right of the murderer to strike dead the man he robs. Military life has an attraction, but glory perches only on bloody banners of victory. Suwarrow mounts

the height of fame, while the noble Kossiusko dies in poverty and exile. How much better for England if she were less embarrassed by her ignoble conquests, and would appropriate some of the many millions of pounds sterling spent on her army and navy, on charitable institutions for her poor and destitute, and for industrial education.

Between the law that "might makes right," and the law preached by Jesus Christ, there is no middle ground, and until we recognize the truth that nations as well as individuals ought be governed by justice, there can be no peace, and our progress in civilization is a lie. "Justice" said Theodore Parker, "is the keynote of the world, and all else is out of tune." The disdain of life belongs to military civilization, and the worship of force is its only religion. Many tens of thousands of lives may yet be destroyed in Africa by the great armies of Europe, before the division of that continent is settled among the robbers. Why not leave Africa to herself, and instead of war, send to her industrious colonies, missionairies of peace and the civilizing forces of religion, education and art? O the shame of it; to see the armed bully waging war against a weak neighbor, and hear him vindicate his

cowardice as the friend of humanity! So it was that England went to India, with a sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, and more by cold-hearted treachery and cunning than by brave-handed valor, became mistress of the rich land. The armaments of the world are increasing; the law of might is again the law of right—and anarchy is increasing also. Force against force, might against might, but God is moving in his own mysterious way, and justice will come forth from the merciless conflict, the glorious harbinger of peace and love.

There is sullen, wild unrest among the peoples of Europe, and but little respect for law or authority. When the question is asked: From what source come the means of building great navies, and who supports, clothes and equips over 8,000,000 of stalwart men now resting on their arms, and waiting for orders? The answer is the working masses. Can any man have respect for law or government that takes from him to support armies and navies what his family needs at home? Ambition and covetousness blind the rulers of the world, and martial glory becomes the foster-brother of anarchy. There is a law of compensation that may be deferred for a time, but it holds good in the mind of God.

When the Spartan mother told her son to return to her either victorious or dead on his shield, it was love of native land—love of home that inspired her. But what could induce a poor woman in Europe to glory in the victory or death of her son? Home-love does not want war, those who cultivate their fields, will not use their brother's blood as a fertilizer. War! war!—it is the slogan of the savage panting for gore: O the desolation and ruin it has wrought—the want and suffering and sorrow it has brought to the world! Valley and plain devastated by the conqueror's march, and the cottage where love and peace dwelt a black mass of embers. Age and youth fall before this simoom of glory. And this is glory! and this is fame! War! away with it; bury it down in the deepest hell that it may never more offend the eye of a patient God, nor rend the hoping, loving heart of humanity.

Previous to the American Revolution the people had no thought of resorting to war. They petitioned the British throne for justice, and were refused; they protested against encroachments on their natural rights, and were insulted. The war of the Revolution came. Great Britain had no right to the colonies, either

by discovery or conquest, and those living on the land had the only claim to it. They did not make war on Great Britain. They but defended their rights. Washington, calm, wise and heroic, came to the front, and through the long struggle proved himself to be eminently worthy the confidence reposed in him. After the war he returned to his home in Mount Vernon. What he might have been were he selfish in his ambitions, it is easy to guess. He was President for two terms, and refused a third, and again returned to his home, where he died. He neglected no opportunity to impress on the mind of his country the danger of foreign alliances—of their dangerous complications, which weak-minded men are always willing to take part in. The other illustrious men of those days forcibly urged Washington's advice. It is remarkable that not one of the distinguished generals of the Revolutionary war ever wished for further military service, and that the statesmen of that time confined themselves to the work of strengthening the new Republic and its great institutions. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Jay, were regarded in Europe as colossal statesmen. The principles propagated by them live to-day as monuments of their wisdom.

It is the duty of America to declare for peace, and adhere to the wise counsels bequeathed by Washington. Instead of going to London, Paris or Berlin to learn diplomacy, it would be far more sensible to go back and study carefully the principles of the statesmen of our early history. Our little, great men of the present day are itching for renown. They want to cope with England—in truth there are those who desire an alliance with her. The rank Toryism of the Revolutionary period is cropping out strongly among them. American principles, one would think would be good enough. We do not need a cold-blooded Bismarck; he loved imperialism and despised the people,—and we have hardly room enough for a Salisbury.

Let us make the homes of the people happy and cheerful, and recall the past with its beautiful simplicity and strong faith. Leave Europe to herself, leave Asia to herself, leave Africa to herself, and bind in one confederacy or zolvrem, the republics of the American continent. Washington was a man of peace and a lover of home institutions; so were all our great and good men.

Let us stand up for peace and international arbitration, and God will most assuredly bless us.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE BAPTISM.

A series of religious meetings had been going on along the range of the Guyandotte Mountain, in the glen valleys on either side, directed by preachers of the Baptist church. Out on the head waters of the Guyandotte river, not far from Flat Top, I was staying at the house of Jack Farley, a Confederate veteran, big and brawny, and generous hearted as man could be. He was on the rough order, ever ready for a fight, was a lover of whiskey, and not over choice in language, but in every other respect he was almost faultless. Sham he abhorred, and always went in for the weak against the strong, when it was right to do so. He was a fond husband and father, and his wife and children stood high in their community. Mrs. Farley was from Old Virginia, well enough educated, and strongly imbued with religious feeling. Her children were of her stamp, and this was the one great pleasure in Jack's life. He was to some extent a free thinker, or, I might have said, an undveloped infidel, but he always spoke reverently of his deceased mother and father, who were both good religious people.

I went out with Jack one morning to hunt. We traveled over rough places that day, and in the evening found ourselves in a wild, picturesque glen called the Gulf. We selected a comfortable camping ground, and there made ourselves comfortable as possible. The mountains on either side were high—one in the moonlight and one in the shade, and the stream crooned its old unforgotten song as it flowed away to the river. It was a solemn night, a night when God in such a place speaks to the soul of man. As we were smoking our pipes, after the evening meal, Jack remarked: "'Tis too bad, my wife and the children will be praying for me to-night at meeting, while I, poor wretch! have no thought for myself—too bad, isn't it!" "Well," said I, "it is not too late to mend. I believe their prayers are heard; let us go and join them to-morrow night. Do not any longer close your heart to the entreaties of your wife and to the call of God." He was silent a moment. "I was always," said he, "ready and willing in the war to obey the command of my superiors; why should I now refuse to obey my God. We will be with them to-morrow night." A smile passed over the face of the mountain fronting us; the stream sang a song of joy, and

the moon sent down her beams to play with the fallen leaves and kiss the white lips of the rills. The words of Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration came to my mind: "It is good, Lord, to be here." Before the noon of next day we arrived home. At dinner Jack informed his wife that he and I would be with her and the children to meeting. She looked astonished, and the boy and girl fixed their eyes in amazement on their father's face." "It is better late than never," I remarked." "It is never late with God," said Mrs. Farley. We were ready for a timely start. Jack and his wife walked together, and I between Rebecca and Tom. It was four miles to the meeting house—four long miles, though Mrs. Farley told me next day it did not seem more than one mile to her. The meeting house was nearly full; two preachers occupied seats behind the desk, and immediately after our arrival one of them gave out a hymn. It was sung lustily, and awakened a spirit that soon manifested itself. When the preacher of the night read his text, I saw that he was bent on his work. The sermon suited the congregation, but to me it appeared plain that the most effective part of it had a special direction. Jack Farley felt so too, for I saw him tremble under the strong arraignment

of evil, and I knew that the arrow struck his heart. The excitement was intense, and Jack capitulated, not to the enemy, but to the ambassador of God. With head erect and flashing eye, he stepped to the front, grasped the preacher's hand, and in a loud stern voice exclaimed: "I surrender—I surrender to my God." Loud exclamations went up from joyful souls. Others also came forward and gave each a hand to the preacher, but the happiest persons in the house were Mrs. Farley, Rebecca and Tom. Our walk homeward was a silent one, we were all too full of happy thoughts to speak.

Jack Farley's conversion was complete. The Sunday following the big meeting, twelve or fourteen converts were to be baptized. This was to be the capsheaf of Jack's glory. Like a child he submitted to his wife's guidance; he did not mope nor moan, he had a duty to perform, and he was determined to see it through. Sunday morning came, the first Sunday in November. Everything looked beautiful, the forest leaves were falling yet like gems of many colors to the earth; the sun shone in mellow splendor; the great mountains were wrapt in contemplation, and the bright Guyandotte flowed away like a dream of peace, passing through the mind.

From Mercer, Raleigh, McDowell and Wyoming counties, came good old time Christians to see the solemn baptismal rite performed. From the meeting house the concourse marched in procession, and as the place selected was approached, with one accord they song: "The beautiful, bright river." It was a soul-inspiring scene. As the preacher led into the water the first to be immersed, "On Jordan's stormy banks" went up from the crowd, with hearty joy, and was continued until the last person—Jack Farley—was baptized. To me Jack appeared a new creature, morally and physically. As he came up out of the water, he raised his splendid eyes to heaven; tears were running down his cheeks, and what he said—for his lips moved, was heard only by the angels of God. Approaching his wife, he smiled, and clasping her to his bosom, sobbed like a child. "Rock of ages cleft for me," wakened the mountains from their trance, and passing echoes sent up the strain from the river to the eternal temple above. The preacher devoutly pronounced a blessing and the delighted crowd dispersed. One's life could not hold in remembrance a scene more grand or a happier day.

A week or so after the baptism Jack told us

that he had to go to the Gulf, and asked his wife, children and me to accompany him. "I want," said he, "to spend a night on the spot where God called me to him." It was no whim; it was an inspiration of love and gratitude. A neighbor consented to take care of the house and stock in our absence. We started early on the dreary journey before us, and night was falling when we reached the place Through the day angry clouds were flying across the sky, like wild steeds across a desert, but as night came, dark, heavy clouds took their place, and up on the mountain ranges we heard the ominous voice of an approaching storm. We had a safe shelter, and the storm did not last long. After eating, a song was sung; one of those quaint melodies, sad, low and sweet, loved so much by the children of the mountains. Jack prayed, thanking God for his mercy, manifested on that very spot a few weeks before. Mrs. Farley, Rebecca and Tom were never they said nearer heaven before. I looked on and listened, listened to the storm down below, so have I listened many a night in gloomier places than the Gulf, for some message from heaven—for "the touch of a vanished hand," and a voice that left me long ago in the silence of the night.

A few years after Jack's conversion Mrs. Farley died. Her body was taken to the family graveyard in Grayson county, Virginia. Since then he has been living with Rebecca and her husband, not far from the resting place of his wife, and Tom was down South, a minister of the Gospel. When last I saw Jack, he was old and white-headed like myself. He loves to speak of the beautiful river, and the honest home-loving people along its hillsides and valleys. He had never forgotten our first night in the gulf; but when the old home rises up in memory, his lovely wife Kate falls into his arms, and she whispers: "Dear Jack, will you ever forget the old meeting house, or that happiest Sunday of my life when you were baptized in that dear, bright Jordan of my dreams—the Guyandotte? I am waiting for you—for you and the others so dear to us both."

CHAPTER XXXIX

PROFESSIONAL POLITICIANS

Every man has a right to be a politician, i. e., to understand the science of government in all its relations to society. But as all men cannot be statesmen, it is necessary that they know enough of politics to elect such men to office as are honest, moral and capable. We should have always in view the good of all the people, and this consideration ought to be enough to guide us conscientiously in the discharge of our duty. In former days the office sought the man, to-day the man seeks the office. In those days none but men well known for their fitness would be elected: in these days the better element must stand aside to make room for an inferior grade of manhood. There are as good men to-day in America, and many of them as there ever has been, but we have now more of ambitious ignorance and turbulent audacity, than ever before. Selfishness is never scrupulous, and any means, however low and vile, may be used without any fear of public censure or condemnation. There must be a cause for all this. It cannot be found in the organic law of the land no more than liberty to lie can be found in the ten commandments.

A look at society will be enough to reveal a good deal of the cause of political corruption. The professions are overcrowded. Take for instance law in which thousands who cannot climb up to Daniel Webster's attic or earn salt enough for their porridge, throw themselves into politics, regarding the office seeker or party as a client that may bring a good fee. In every county of every state such men are to be found. They try to control conventions, and are the most noisy, emptyheaded demagogues of all. Many—nearly all of those fellows are employed in every campaign—all bristling patriots—by men whose audacious ignorance is a nuisance to society. The genteel loafers send out a good many pestilent politicians who are always in the market for sale. Young men who have been graduated at some high school or college, after a short term, and have studied elocution in local lyceums, are ready at all times to fill an engagement as public political speakers. If these are signs of progress, of a superior civilization, and all that go to make a country great, we are on the high road to supreme success. True it is that "coming events cast their shadows before."

The political party in power is, in campaign work, a generous patron of professional politi-

cians, beside having under its control, United States marshals, and deputy marshals, men rewarded with office for past services. These and detectives, not only are active politicians, but use official authority to support by vilest means the interests of their party. These professional politicians, all, are the bulwark of the constitution and guardians of the country's liberty. Bad as they are, they are not half as bad as the unprincipled parties who employ them. This thing of taking advantage of impecuniuous young men is a sad commentary on our national honor. What a crime to insult and degrade a noble country by such low methods and vile means. Law cannot be appealed to, for political corruption has befouled the ermine, and judges have been foisted on the bench by debasing influences, many of whom are socially not recognized as decent or honest. Such are the effects of our present political system, but what the ultimate result may be one has scarcely courage enough to contemplate. Heaven may avert the danger at present menacing the country, but a people who court ruin are seldom intercepted on their downward course by the hand of God. How debasing to manhood is this thing of voluntarily going down so low! There is virtue enough in

this country to save the government and institutions, so long and dearly loved by the people, from all base defilements. How any man a candidate for president, for congress, governor or a state legislator, can resort to such methods, it is hard for respectable people to know, but that such men have been so corrupting the highest offices, cannot be fairly denied. Such conduct is more dangerous—a hundred times more, than if the two greatest powers of the world threatened us with a war of invasion. When men are employed to corrupt the ballot, and conscience and honor are regarded as marketable commodities, the great body of the honest, true-hearted people should take the work of reform in their hands, and put an end to all such treasonable practices.

The Republic was founded on just principles and only by just principles can it be maintained.

CHAPTER XL.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Freedom of the press is an essential right, as long as the press is devoted to the vigilant duty of defending justice and exposing everything tending to the injury of morals and subversion of law and order. As censor or teacher, the press has its limits prescribed by the rules of social duty. If it becomes arbitrary or unjust in its criticisms, or in its moral principles, it should be halted by the law and forced to submit to the established proprieties of public life. That the American newspaper press abuses its freedom is painfully apparent. In politics it throws away all proper restraint, and rejects veracity as an impediment to individual success. There are, of course, newspapers in America that would not, for any consideration, suffer a stain to rest on their honor, but they are very few, indeed. The censor ought to be free of reproach, and the teacher should come to his work with a clear mind and honest good heart. How can a man in social life expect to be believed, when in public life, in the performance of a public duty, he earns a reputation for falsehood?

Nothing can compensate a man for the loss of honor, and it would be almost impossible for him to rebuild a reputation that has been dragged through the mire of political indecency. A touch of despotism would not be out of place occasionally, but danger would be unavoidable if the despot should be a little too partial.

Every principle of the Declaration of Independence, and every article of the Constitution, should be guarded by the press, and no abuse of one or violation of the other, be suffered to escape exposure. But how often are both sneered at or abused in leading papers, as old mossy relics out of date. It must be admitted that the intellectual powers of the press are too irregular and diminishing. What large sums of money are paid for sensational lies! A tale of scandal about some young woman has been vented, and when elaborately dressed up is flashed on the public eye, regardless of the injury it does and the pain it inflicts. Every cesspool of shame is searched for a fresh scandal, and nor age nor youth can escape the putrid nighthawks of the press. In war, in peace, in church and in state, they dominate every shadowy quarter, and cancel every obligation to be just and decent. The American press cannot

be said, at home or abroad, to represent decent, intelligent Americans. It is mercenary to a serious extent, and while it brazenly boasts of its freedom, it cannot dare to say a word of its independence. As before said, all our newspapers are not of this stamp.

A great deal of energy that could have been better employed, is daily exhausting itself in the work of "keeping the party together." There is no thought of the country, it is the party, ever and always. It is both ludicrous and sad to see how the press, for the past twelve years, has been tearing to pieces the tariff and the money questions. What quotations and figures and eloquent denunciations of ignorance! To-day the great mass of the people are as much in the dark on great issues as they were before the newspaper economists began their labors by incandescent contradictions. If some daring adventurer undertakes anothor arctic trip, our newspapers in advance outline the course to be pursued, locate every iceberg and floe, and make the journey safe and pleasant. In our late war—for humanity—their knowledge of Cuba is the mystery of the age. Army and navy were both indebted to them, and the President had no occasion to "take thought of the morrow," for a

great paper took him in hand and left nothing undone in the way of enlightening him and his cabinet. It was a newspaper correspondent that caused Dewey to throw into the sea his sealed instructions and follow him to Manila bay. A newspaper man undertook to hypnotize the Sultan, and might have succeeded, but one of the ladies of the harem took him by the back of the neck and kicked him out of the seraglio.

In literature a lie will stand to be scorned and despised by clear intelligence. It will be contradicted by its environments, and is in the pilory a perpetual disgrace to its authors. The prejudices of Macaulay have been a blemish in his history of England. Gibbon in his Roman empire treated Christianity with injustice—and so on. The lie of history has crept into general literature, found its way into theology, and has been hard at work to imbed itself in science. But the newspaper lie is a fecund little parasite, harder to be destroyed than trichina in the hog. It is troublesome, irritates for the time and often leads to violence. The lie of history is fixed on some great event on national dislike, or is used to defraud genius of its reward and mankind of justice. Is it any wonder that Horace Walpole

designated history a lie. But the newspaper lie worms itself into the home of rich or poor; has no respect of age or youth, and poisons domestic bliss in the heart's purest love. It rankles during life and ceases to annoy only when life is extinct. O how many have been driven to desperation, to outlawry or a life of shame by newspaper lies.

And yet the press is guilty of a greater offense. The caricature is its lowest disgrace. It is the abominable art-lie of the newspaper, low, vulgar and indecent. A gentleman is out for the United States Senate, for congress or some other high office. At once the newspapers opposed to him publish a caricature laughable to the lewd creatures who love such things. Every such distortion is an insult to our national reputation. A newspaper is placed in a lady's hand, or she sees in a bookstore window or on a public news stand, a plate in "Judge" or some other publication of that class, her husband whom she truly loves foully caricatured. Her sons and daughters see the same. What have they done to deserve such an insult? O how the savage, brutal wrong rankles in their hearts and how the soulless crowd enjoys the cruelty? Why do we prate about respect for women, when good,

pure respectable ladies are treated in this manner, every week without any protest from the public? The wretch who would hurt the feelings of a child by causelessly insulting a loved parent, has no human feeling in his heart. A gentleman would not hurt the feelings of any one. Is the spirit of chivalry dead for evermore, that for a political end honor, truth and love must be outraged? O the caricature! the vile appeal of the coward for applause—the art slander hurled into the midst of a family to destroy its peace. A National Press Association should be organized, and wilful lies and caricatures crushed out from a useful, honorable craft. The press needs purification, and the sooner it takes place the better for public decency and public honor. The press to be free must be truthful, and to be useful it must be honorable.

CHAPTER XLI.

DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY.

William Edward Hartpole Lesky, author of "The History of England" and "The History of European Morals," is also the author of another book—his latest—"Democracy and Liberty." His departure from the field of history, in which he has been very successful, has astonished his friends and admirers. At a time when he was up to his chin in his historic studies, a Mr. Greg said to him that he could not understand how any man could devote his days to the departed past, when there were around him, on every side contemporaneous matters of such absorbing interest. Lesky took the hint, and the Irish University, which he represents in the Imperial Parliament, and is conservatively Tory to the backbone, applauded the work of their distinguished representative. Lesky's History of England is more cautiously written than Macaulay's history, but the same two predominant principles are imbedded in both—an aristocratic government and a State church. In his "Democracy and Liberty," one is at a loss to understand how a man so profoundly learned could be

so shallow and unsound in his deductions and analysis. I will take up, one after another, a few of his errors, and review them fairly, logically and philosophically.

"A tendency to democracy does not mean a tendency to parliamentary government, or even a tendency to greater liberty."

If Mr. Lesky means by "parliamentary government," such as Russia or China has, or as England had up to the time of the Reform act, he is right, but if he means such a "parliamentary government" as we have had in this country up to that memorable time when England by her duplicity and treachery did so much to have a little international revenge, and for which she was forced to pay so dearly, he is very wrong, and he knows it. It is true that from a republic Rome became an Imperial despotism, but if the patricians had been just, that change would not have taken place. Have not empires crumbled into ruins for the same cause, and would it not be well for the British Empire and Mr. Lesky to think over this imperial lesson of history? Mr. Lesky should not have made any allusion to revolutionary France. The history of the British monarchy is one of crime, blood, incest and shame,—of war and spoliation. In England the

people submitted to every invasion, to every change. Why? Because manhood under feudalism in the rural districts was debased. The greatest enemy that England has to face now is the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. It should not be forgotten that in any country where people are treated as slaves or savages the Eumenides have a cave.

"Equality is the idol of democracy."

Mr. Lesky is not fair nor honest in confounding the words, "equality" and equity. In America every man is free and equal before the law. This principle of common law was affirmed in England in defiance of the royal and feudal claim of exemption, by Lord Chief Justice Brackton in the 12th century. In America—I respect it—every man is free and equal before the law, and no farther. Here one man cannot claim by law what another man earns, but here as in England, one man may steal by law, what another man earns and justly owns. This is what ex-senator Ingalls, would call an Anglo-Saxon virtue. The "tendency of democracy" is to do away with this so that all men may enjoy what is theirs according to the equity of God and nature. Mr. Lesky should have gone down below the surface and leave the titled

anarchist with his feudal "entail," and his brother the less brutal anarchist of the stilletto order in possession of their filtered iniquity—"social equality." In America the working people stand between the two, for the reign and rule of the triune soul of democracy—justice, peace and prosperity.

"In the middle ages," says Lesky, "the two most democratic institutions were the church and the guild. The first taught the essential spiritual equality of all mankind, and placed men taken from the servile class on a pedestal before which kings and nobles were compelled to bow, but it also formed the most tremendous instrument of spiritual tyranny the world has ever seen. The second organized industry on a self-governing and representative basis, but at the same time restricted and regulated it in all its details with the most stringent despotism."

Never was written by any author in so few words such a foul tissue of misrepresentation. In the Middle Ages, when feudalism was in its glory, and its will was law, education in Europe was exclusively in possession of the church and the only idea of order, that which she practiced, and enforced by her teachings. The people in the rural districts were slaves, and the only

"parliamentary government" was the capricious will of barbarous might. Macaulay and other historians say that as arbiter between nations and people, the church always decided justly, and never against the people. Is it to this magnificent truth of history Lesky refers, when he stigmatizes the church as "the most tremendous instrument of spiritual tyranny." But she "placed men taken from the servile class on a pedestal before which kings and nobles were compelled to bow." Her divine founder, Jesus Christ, had done the same, and therefore for the sake of consistency, Mr. Lesky should have told us that this same Jesus Christ was the Father and Founder of the true democracy, and he would have been right if he had said so.

It would seem that Lesky regards labor as a natural system of slavery, necessary for the support of an aristocratic "parliamentary government." Hence it is that the idea of organizing industry on a "self-governing and representative basis," he brands as a "most stringent despotism." He must have known that in the cities of England, during the Middle Ages, labor had to organize against the aggressive incursions of the mailed feudal robber. He could not be ignorant of the fact that England is more indebted

to the guilds for municipal law and civilization than to all other causes combined. In our own times the guilds or trades unions have warded off more than once, in both England and the United States, fearful ruin or revolution. The enemies of labor unions or guilds in other countries are the enemies of justice and the most effective propagandists of anarchy. The church of the Middle Ages—the church of to-day—and labor unions or guilds, are democratic, since they are for the good of humanity. It is a great pity that Mr. Lesky has not devoted a long chapter to our "ancient barons," and exhaustively describe their "parliamentary government" in the forests of northern Germany. He might have written of those Scandinavian sires—nobles all—who drank uisquebaugh out of skulls in the delightful Valhalla. To the noble descendants of those demigods labor would be most assuredly an abomination.

Mr. Lesky discusses the war of secession in fine style. "The Southern States," he says, "proclaimed the rights of nationalities, demanded their independence," &c. The Southern States up to the war had all the rights of nationalities and all the independence that States could enjoy. The war sprung from the slavery

issue, that festering curse fixed on the South by British greed, and afterwards fanned into flame by the intermeddling abolition fanatics of Exeter Hall, England. In what could the South be more independent, or what other national rights could she possess, had she come out of the war victorious? The North, he informs us, succeeded in crushing the revolt and establishing its authority over the vanquished South. What nonsense! The South was subdued, not vanquished, and the authority established after the war was that of the Constitution—an instrument chiefly devised by Southern statesmen.

Mr. Lesky has heretofore argued that Home Rule granted to Ireland would be fatal to the integrity of the British Empire. Why did not this idea recur to him when considering the war of secession?

Jealousy of the growing power of this country he admits was one cause of British sympathy for the South. The South ought to have known that British friendship is as fatal as a poisoned kiss. Another cause of British interference in the war, he says, is that "sporting spirit" which largely governs English interests in every foreign struggle. That "sporting spirit" did not in our great war distinguish itself by courage or manly

dash on the battlefield. Its loaded dice became useless and British friendship succumbed to fear. "Sporting spirit"! Sporting balderdash. Mr. Lesky is unfair and unfortunate in his allusions to the colonies during the war of the revolution. It is too late now to censure the noble men who fought through the struggle. The best men of the world have passed favorable judgment on the wisdom, patience and heroism of those immortal patriots. The true history of the American revolution lies in a name, and that name is Washington. The Democracy of that period sprung from the soil consecrated to God and liberty. In form, spirit, life and character the government founded by the Revolutionary fathers is unique, truly, thoroughly and essentially American. Here there is Anglo-Saxon, no Anglo-Norman, no Celt, no Scandinavian, all are one, children of the same soil and coheirs to that liberty that is based on justice and humanity.

Mr. Lesky is the only man of our time having literary distinction, who has written against the founders of our government. When a small boy I fired my pop-gun at a Golden Eagle, but did not hurt it badly. Mr. Lesky's pop-gun will not succeed in causing Democracy to sigh, scream or faint.

THE WEST VIRGINIA STREAMS.

I love the West Virginia hills,
And the vales that lie between;
I love to see the bounding rills
In their beautiful clear sheen;
But O far dearer are to me
The haunts of my happy dreams
That flow down from the mountains free.
The bright West Virginia streams.

I love the West Virginia hills
In the sunshine or the storm,
Their midnight voice my bosom thrills
Their dawn glimmer has a charm—
But all these fade before my eyes
When on my memory gleams
Flowing away 'neath cloudless skies
The dear West Virginia streams.

I love the hills, the grand old hills
That shelter our homes so free,
And gratitude my bosom fills
When their wood-crowned crests I see;
But when I'm weary, needing rest
And the world all friendless seems
My dearest refuge and the best
Are the West Virginia streams.

I love the hills, the free old hills
And the bending sky above,
Where the dew of heaven distils
The pure bliss and balm of love;
But purer, fairer far to me
In my waking thoughts or dreams
Are those sweet bards of memory.
The dear West Virginia streams

REST.

I sought in the valley for rest,
But none did I ever there find:
Far up on the high mountain crest—
Sought for solace of heart and mind:
I roamed on the strand of the sea,
The foaming waves broke at my feet
This sad refrain singing to me—
"Rest seek not till life is complete."

OLD SONGS.

'Tis said that age improves the tone
Of the simple violin,
It must be so, for when alone
I hear sweet strains to youth unknown
Come from the old shell within.

When restless passion takes its flight
Childhood comes with age to play,
When stars look fairer in the night
And visions break upon the sight
Of a well remembered day.

The dead years held life's baser part
For the great refiner's care,
And sorrow sweeps with faultless art
The strings of memory in the heart
Singing her old home-songs there.

Sing tender sorrow, sing to me
Of the past a low refrain—
Pierce my soul with thy melody,
For O I long once more to be
A free happy boy again.

There are songs that can never die,
Dear ones sing them now above;
Far beyond the bright starry sky
I hear a well-known voice, and sigh
For the minstrel of my love.

MOLINDA'S ISLE;

In my shallop floating down
To Molinda's fairy isle,
Fortune on me cannot frown
In the light of Mary's smile.

Happy voyagers are we.
Never ship had truer chart
And our compass on life's sea
Is adjusted in each heart.

Was there ever such a night!
Stars above and stars below;
Full of happy, pure delight
Gaily with the tide we go.

Love was skipper on the way,
And he beached us with a smile
Near a home within the bay
Of Molinda's lovely isle.

Dreaming, dreaming of old times,
Ah! poor heart, you'll never more
Hear the pleasant Sunday chimes
On that fair, beloved shore.

LOST MY WAY.

Father, I have lost my way—
  Lost all but my hope in thee,
Farther do not let me stray,
  Look with pity, Lord, on me.

Lead me—all is dark around—
  Dark outside and dark within,
I have fallen to the ground,
  Crushed down by a load of sin.

Didst thou not for sinners die—
  Didst thou not, Lord, die for me?
Do not coldly pass me by.
  Let me thy bright glory see.

Give me strength to bear my cross,
  I would fain thy footsteps trace,
Suffer any wrong or loss
  To behold, O Christ, thy face.

Keep me, I am weak and old,
  Mercy cannot plead in vain,
Take me to thy ransomed fold,
  I would be thy child again.

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

Glory, glory be to Jesus,
He is with us here to-day,
Teaching us to do our duty
Helping us to sing and pray,
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to his holy name.

He is speaking—listen to him:
"Heart and soul keep pure within;
Be you always meek and humble,
And avoid the ways of sin."
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to his holy name.

Praise and honor be to Jesus,
From us he will not depart
If we love here one another,
If we give to him our heart.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to his holy name.

All for Jesus! is the watchword;
All for Jesus! day and night,
He will shield us, he will guide us
To eternal rest and light.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to his holy name.

TO ROBIN.

On a tree in front of W. F. Hollister's house, in Webster county, West Virginia, a robin sang for weeks, two or three times a day. The family became attached to the sweet singer. He disappeared one day, never to return, and was sadly regretted.

Dear, sweet Robin, the shady tree
Is lonesome now and so are we;
Its leaves are drooping all day long,
Because they miss thy cheerful song.

We miss thy early matin lay,
We miss thy evening roundelay—
The song good robins sang of old
When love was more than fame or gold.

O Robin, come back to our tree,
Lonesome it is, and so are we,
And bring to us the thrilling song
That revived faith and made hope strong.

Didst thou thy young brood take away
To greenwood shade with them to play?
If so, dear Robin, come again,
Our home will be thy free domain.

Robin, thy songs were born of love,
Such do the angels sing above,
And to thee, dear bird, was given
The sweet melody of heaven.

Dear, sweet Robin, the shady tree
Is lonesome now, and so are we;
Its leaves are drooping all day long
BECAUSE THEY MISS THY CHEERFUL SONG.

SING.

Sing me a low, sweet song,
  Sad as a lover's sigh,
When all his dreams of bliss
  Within his bosom die.
Sing in a minor key
  A weird song full of dole—
An echo from the grave
  To soothe my dreamy soul.

Let your deft touch be light
  As footfall of the dew,
And let your voice and soul
  Be to my sorrow true;—
Sing me a low, sweet song—
  Low as an angel's sigh
When the heart's fondest hopes
  Leave their fond shrine to die.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

The day of our glory is dying,
The hour of our shame is at hand,
And traitors are selling or buying
The manhood that once bless'd our land

For conquest our masters now barter
The covenant made by our sires.
They trample on Liberty's charter
And honor ignobly expires.

Despised are the splendid traditions
Which came from the sages of old,
And greed leads us on to transitions
Untruthful, and sordid and cold.

Forgotten today is the toiler;
What is he at best but a clod?
But Alecto follow the spoiler
To work out the decrees of God.

From our night a new day is breaking.
Look out for the dawn in the east!
The spirit that slumbered is waking
To blot out the curse of the beast.

The printer is now the premier,
And thought flashes out from the brain
With a message of truth short and clear,
Give back to the tyrant his chain.

Up, up, sons of labor, be ready,
Know that justice never can die;
Be sober, be truthful and steady,
THE LORD KNOWETH ALL AND IS NIGH.

LOVE AND LABOR.

In our little cottage here,
Nothing do we hate or fear,
For the Lord is always near,
To true love and labor.

You are still, Kate, fair as when
I first met you in the glen,
Pure your heart and good as then—
True to love and labor.

We are free from selfish greed,
Heart and hand to those in need,
Love to God and man, our creed
Love and honest labor.

Let the proud have their own way,
We enjoy the present day,
And from honor never stray—
Loving truth and labor.

Sing me, Kate, a good old song,
Let it sweetly flow along,
Angels bright will round us throng
Blessing love and labor.

TO UNA.

I cannot forget you,
For you are still to me
The purest star that ever
Shone on life's troubled sea.

How could I cease to love you?
Nothing can us two part;
I am soul of your soul,
You the heart of my heart.

All day long you're with me,
And in my dreams at night,
You take from me anguish,
And bring to me delight.

I will soon be with you.
For that dear hour I long,
When I'll see your sweet smile
And listen to your song.

THE LEPER.

Never under Syrian sky
Looked to heaven a brighter eye,
Nature never to form and face
Gave such rare beauty and sweet grace.
She was Ben Aden's only child
A Jewish maiden undefiled.
A student she of sacred lore,
Well versed in prophecy, that bore
On her brave race, whose captive—shame
To her was dearer far than fame;
She humbly kissed the chastening rod
Because she loved Israel's God,
Oft did her spirit see a light
Quivering thro' the starless night
The sacred spark that relumes faith
From the dark sepulcher of death,
Through the surroundiag gloom and wrong
Hope sang to her its sweetest song.
Nature was beautiful to her,
It was the first true worshipper
That felt the glow of primal ray
Bright herald of earth's new-born day,
She loved her old Judean hills
And the sweet music of their rills:
The flowers springing from the sod
Spoke to her gentle soul of God

And in the clear, blue sky above
She saw His face and felt his love.
One eve she walked to a place where
She oft communed with God in prayer,
Piteously to him she cried:
"When wilt thou, Lord, with us abide?
Wilt thou accept a sacrifice?
I offer self—may that suffice.
The servile yoke I'd freely take
For beloved Israel's sake.
Mercy pleads for us at thy throne
And love claims mankind as her own.
Would I could great Messiah see!
He'll come in truth's simplicity
To heal our people's bleeding heart
And faith and hope and love impart.
O heart of mine! be still a while,
Ere long upon us he will smile."
A burning flash shot thro' each limb.
That seared her soul, her eyes made dim.
So fell to earth. Again she cried:
"God of our race! with me abide."
The red tide in her veins was cold,
Sudden the change!—she had grown old,
Her dark hair on her bosom lay
Matted and coarse and O so gray.
White spots appeared on arms and breast,

Appalling signs of the dread pest.
Fearful to name, awful to see,
The woeful, loathsome leprosy.
No home had she, no refuge now,
Ashes of dead love on her brow,
The agony of thought was keen—
Unclean was she—unclean, unclean.
She turned in sorrow from her kind,
With withered heart and tortured mind.
And in a cave by Gallilee
Found a dark home where none might see
Her dire affliction; there she lay
Many a dreary night and day.
One day as near the cave she stood
She felt the long-cold dormant blood
Stir in her veins, like rills that start
Into the light from nature's heart.
She asked herself: What can it be?
Is life revived by death in me?
Can He who giveth life or death
Forget his patient child of faith?
Startled she heard a crowd proclaim
Loudly Messiah's Holy name.
And when she knew that she was seen:
"Unclean," she cried, "unclean, unclean."
"Daughter," the master said, "draw near,
Thou'st prayed to see me, here am I.

I walked with thee the mountain side
And in you cave to thee was nigh.
Faith, simple faith, hath made thee whole;
Thy youth and beauty I restore;
Thy sacrifice hath won my love,
And I will love thee evermore.
Thy father and thy mother wait
To see thee; bring them soon to me,
Tell them I come with love and truth
To set the captive nations free.
I come to heal the broken heart,
To open wide sweet mercy's door,
To break the fetters of the slave
And consecrate to God the poor.
Thou'lt leave the past behind thee now,
Bravely, nobly, thou hast striven,
Patient suffering finds the way
Leading to the joys of heaven.
Peace be with thee !—go now thy way
But do not tarry long from me;
Come with the other women soon
And follow me to Calvary.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Do not be down-hearted,
  This world was made for smiles,
Out on the wide ocean
  Are fair, green sunny isles,
And in the forest temples
  Are leaf-arched holy aisles.

Do not look so solemn,
  Lift up those downcast eyes,
Cloudlets light are playing
  Like children in the skies,
And the sun now setting
  Will in the morning rise.

Do not be so gloomy,
  God is all love and light,
Every thing but evil
  Is lovely in His sight.
Beautiful is the world
  To those who do what's right.

Do not fret or grumble,
  But like the small birds sings,
And let hope exultant
  Fly up on sunlit wing ;
It will from high heaven
  Rich blessings to you bring.

I AM STILL A CHILD OF THINE.

Father, I come to thee again,
A sinful suppliant for aid;
I cannot see truth's holy light.
So far away from it I've strayed.

Whom would I go to, Lord, but thee,
Fountain of truth and love divine;
Bestow on me thy tender grace,
For I am still a child of thine.

Enable me to conquer self,
O give me strength from sin to flee
Of all defilements cleanse my heart
And fill it with sweet charity.

The enemy that leads me on
Thro' rayless gloom is in my breast,
The pride that robs my soul of light
And drags it down to dire unrest.

O hear me for the dear Christ's sake,
Lead forth my soul to love divine;
Bless and forgive me, Father dear,
For I am still a child of thine.

DREAMLAND.

You are sad, love, and so am I—
Sad and so far apart;
But we can hear each other's sigh,
From lonely heart to heart.

My soul went out last night in dreams
To that sweet, quiet spot,
Where flows the brightest of all streams
Into the Guyandotte.

We sat down by the little spring,
Where oft we sat before,
And happy thoughts to us did bring
Gems of the rarest lore.

I heard you sing the song of dole
You often sang for me,
And now within my restless soul
It calms my reverie.

"True love can never, never die"—
This was the sweet refrain
You sang for me in song or sigh,
You'll sing for me again.

Oft do I go in midnight dreams
To that sweet, quiet spot,
Where flows the brightest of all streams
Into the Guyandotte.

WORK OR RUST.

We must work or we must rust:
In base indolence and ease
Is the breeding pen of lust
Or the hot bed of disease,
We have all ideals true
In the ever restless brain,
And we must keep these in view
Let them lead to bliss or pain.

Work is worship when the heart
Has sweet home-love in its core,
Every soul has its own chart
To go by from shore to shore.
Not in workship nor in field
Is the noblest labor done;
Not where mangled victims yield
Is the greatest battle won.

Not in eloquence or art
Does the mind take highest flight,
But where love finds out a heart
Dying, hopeless without light,
Where the cup of water cold
To fevered lips is given,
Or the soul strayed from God's fold
Is brought back home to heaven

To the outcast kindly speak,
  By the feeble hand him take.
These lost ones 'tis ours to seek
  For the loving Master's sake.
We must work while it is day.
  Conscience keeps a record true,
Hearing ev'ry word we say,
  Seeing ev'ry thing we do.

SIGH AND PRAY FOR ME.

When the day is dying
  On the twilight sea,
And low winds are sighing
  Think, dear love, of me.

When above the mountain
  The home star you see,
Unseal mem'ry's fountain
  And then dream of me.

When the world is sleeping
  I'll be close to thee,
When the heart craves weeping
  Weep and pray for me,

Life is onward flowing,
  Flowing to a sea,
And where I am going
  Thou wilt come to me.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Hallowed be thy name!
  O God for evermore,
Hallowed be thy name!
  From endless shore to shore.

Hallowed be thy name!
  Source of all love and light.
Hallowed be thy name!
  At morning, noon and night.

Hallowed be thy name!
  Proclaim both earth and sea.
Hallowed be thy name!
  There is no God but Thee.

Hollowed be thy name!
  To Thee our hearts we raise.
Nature with love aflame.
  Unite with us in praise.

ADIEU !

Adieu, dear friends, a fond adieu!
Kind were you all to me, and true;
A voice says in my heart's retreat:
"You never more on earth will meet."

I do not know where I may die.
Above me is the clear blue sky.
The earth may claim this dust of mine,
The soul will find its home divine.

Life's tide is ebbing fast away
And faith beholds a fairer day
Breaking on a far-off shore
Where pain or parting is no more.

Until this heart sinks down to rest
I'll hold you close to mem'ry's breast,
And in the world of bliss above,
We'll live united in God's love.

Adieu, dear friends, a fond adieu!
So good, so kind to me and true,
May God be with us to life's end
He is our best and truest friend.

WORK TO DO.

In this restless world of ours,
With its fretful cares and strife,
There are pathways strewn with flowers
Leading to a higher life.
Mind should wear no galling chain
Forged by subtle, soulless creed,
Man can honor here attain
But by pure clean thought and deed.

Is there for the soul no rest
Under pride's malignant sway?
Is hope but a dream at best
And light fled from love away?
Brothers, sisters, pause awhile,
There is work for all to do,
We must first God reconcile
To our hearts, if we be true.

We must lift the fallen up,
Dry the weeping widow's tears,
And remove the bitter cup
Drank by hopeless woe for years,
Let us hush the orphan's cries
For the loving Master's sake,
His love close to good deeds lies
And will not the poor forsake.

See the toiler without hope,
Crushed down by law's ruthless rule!
We can give him wider scope
In discipline's rigid school.
Willing heart and patient thought,
Trust in God and peace within
By these noblest deeds are wrought
Thus will labor justice win.

Labor for the good and true,
Love for love's own blessed sake
Faithful be in all we do,
Thus can we our fetters break.
Let not envy, lust or pride
Find within our hearts a place,
And God will with us abide
Till we see him face to face.

THE PAST.

I cannot forget the past,
It is not dead to me,
As long as memory guards
That fair isle of its sea;
My soul cannot shut its eyes
To the old holy hills,
Or its ears to the sweet songs
Of childhood's streams and rills.

How can I forget the past,
The glory of my youth?
Shall I bury boyhood where
Never is love or truth?
The church and the village green,
Each spot in childhood trod
Bear the impress of my soul
The footprints of my God.

No home like the dear old home
Beneath the blue above,
No voice like a mother's voice
No love like her sweet love;
No flowers like those that grow
Among the bright home streams,
No birds like the birds that sing
In my sad twilight dreams.

I seek for lost gems once mine,
Seek, but never can find
Love for the poor weary heart,
Light for the groping mind:
I will go back to the past,
Tis' all the world to me,
I will reach it by and by
When death shall set me free.

THE OLD LOG CABIN.

O tear not the old log cabin down,
Altho' its walls are now black and brown,
Once 'twas the coziest place on earth,
The dear home of happy love and mirth,
Its board was free to stranger and poor
And the latchstring hung outside the door.

Why should rude ambition's hateful frown
Tumble this relic of freedom down?
A man ruled here in true manhood's might,
A will to labor, his divine right,
His heart a well-tide of truth and love
Glad homage paid to the Lord above.

In this old cabin his wife was queen,
Faultless her form and noble her mien,
No cold, courtly manners schooled in art
Ever chilled the fountain of her heart,
Her life flowed down like a singing stream
Diffusing joy in its happy dream.

The desolate hearthstone now recalls
Nights when the light glowed upon the walls
When the song went round and tales were told
As in happy minstrel times of old.
Peace to their souls, but these falling tears
Are all I have for our pioneers.

The good old roof is no longer seen,
The chinks are open the logs between,
The chimney has fallen to the ground
And latchstring or door cannot be found.
The puncheon floor has rotted away
Where hospitality once held sway.

Here is a part of the spinning wheel.
On you mound I see the broken reel,
But the loom is gone and web or chain
She will not weave on this earth again.
For mem'ry's sake let the cabin stand,
Once the cheerful home of heart and hand.

A few friendly ferns now sadly wave
Over the lonely family grave.
No fond memorial marks the spot,
Of the lowly poor this is the lot,
But the angels who watch our actions here
Keep record true of the pioneer.

O tear not the old log cabin down,
What tho' its walls are now black and brown!
Once 'twas the coziest place on earth
The dear, happy home of love and mirth,
Its board was free to stranger and poor
And the latchstring hung outside the door.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Love one another as I have loved you."
So said the Master in days gone by.
O let us always to duty be true
Doing what Jesus would have us to do.
Love as he loved, and on love rely

"Love one another" O never before.
Was such commandment to us given,
He loved us and our infirmities bore,
Loved us, and died for us: what could he more?
Loved us here and loves us in heaven.

"Love one another," on Calvary see
All that true love for us sacrificed,
Then let us loyal and faithful ever be,
Loving with his sweet tender sympathy
Loving as loved our dear Master, Christ.

"Love one another as I have loved you,"
Cleanse our hearts, Lord, with thy holy grace
That we may here to each other be true,
Unselfish and gentle in all we do
And find in thy love a resting place.

HE IS NOT HERE.

"He is not here," the sepulcher
No longer is his prison,
He is not here in death's embrace,
Our Lord, our Christ has risen.
No trace of blood can here be found,
No slime to his cerements cling,
He rose up from the trance of death
The world's true anointed king

Seek him not at the sepulcher
Nor by wailing Galilee,
He is not at lone Nazareth
Nor at Sad Gethsemane;
But where the salve of sin exists,
Or the suffering poor may be,
There with great mercy, truth and love
The pitying Christ you'll see.

He knocks at every heart to find
An abiding place within,
To break the fetters of the soul
And cleanse it of deadly sin:
Where ruthless, cold pride tries to crush
The honest toiler to despair,
And where the outcast cries for aid
The dear loving Christ is there.

KEEP YOUR LANTERN TRIMMED.

Keep your lantern trimmed tonight,
Give the mad waves fullest light,
For a dreadful storm is nigh.
See ! how angry looks the sky.

I see trouble on your brow,
Mary, keep a brave heart now,
If some craft is forced this way
We must work as well as pray.

Dark the night and wild the sea—
Daughter, think of Galilee !
Faith in Him will help the weak,
Duty wins when for his sake.

You remember long ago,
'Twas a night of death and woe,
Wild the storm on land and sea
When your mother strove with me.

We had saved two men that night;
O how brave she was and bright !
"Christ was at the helm," she said,
And she could not be afraid.

Onward came the storm amain,
Human strength would now be vain;
And a ship, like ocean-ghost,
Was dashed lifeless on the coast.

"Save us, Jesus, in this hour,"
Many cried, "Thou hast the power."
And a star shone out above,
Omen of his watchful love.

Keep your lantern trimmed at night,
Faith will help you with its light,
To escape both reef and wave—
Christ be with us, he can save.

LEAD ME.

Divine shepherd, lead me to
Pastures green and living springs,
Where the sky is always blue
And true love for ever sings.

Lead me to the foothills where
Angel minstrels love to stray,
And the stars bow down in prayer
O'er the quiet, sleeping day.

Lead me to the fountain bright
From which love and mercy flow
Where the weary soul finds light
And forgets for aye its woe.

Lead to where the slave is free,
  Where the poor, so long opprest,
Find a refuge sure with thee
  In the land of peace and rest.

To thy victor cross I'd go
  With the dead dreams of my years
There to bury shame and woe,
  End my sorrow and my tears.

Jesus, shepherd, lead me to
  Pastures green and living springs,
Where the sky is always blue
  And true love so sweetly sings.

TO KATE

I had hoped when I am dying
  That you'd come back, love, to me,
And I'd hear the low soul-whisper
  And your thoughtful sweet face see;
O'er me comes a sad, strange feeling,
  Cold my heart and tired my brain,
I am longing for your coming,
  But you'll never come again.

The world looks dark and dreary,
Not a friend beside me now,
No soft tresses sweep my pillow,
No dear hand to press my brow;
All my fond illusions perish,
All but love from me depart,
It has buried your fair image
In the ruins of my heart.

You are gone, and I am going;
Will you meet me on the way?
I am going from the darkness
To the beautiful, bright day;
Dust and ashes lie around me,
Wealth and fame to me are dross,
I behold a glimpse of heaven,
And I see you near the cross.

I am dying—kiss me, dearest,
Lay your hand upon my brow,
The poor heart is still for ever—
Soul of mine, be happy now.
List! I hear the streams of childhood
And I see the old hills rise—
This fair heaven of my dreaming
Is where spread my native skies.

THE GRAVE.

We laid down the casket here
  And covered it with the sod,
But the gem has upward flashed
  To the blessed home of God.

We buried him flesh and bone,
  Cold blood and the worm-out brain,
But truth and sweet love are where
  Never known is death or pain.

The thought that glowed in his eye
  Or flashed in his fervid speech,
Has fled from the soulless shrine,
  His ideal true to reach.

The way he has gone we'll go,
  We tread the rough path he trod,
The baser we leave to earth,
  The nobler we'll take to God.

And while we may linger here
  Let us look to God above,
The source of eternal truth,
  The soul of eternal love.

THE SABBATH BELL.

Heaven's peace on the valley lies,
Not a speck in the bright blue skies,
Not a discord on nature's breast,
To mar the sacred day of rest.

The mountains bow their heads in prayer,
The seas thy glory, Lord, declare,
And little birds in forest dell
Greet with sweet songs the Sabbath Bell.

The flowers lift their petals bright,
Begemmed with-dew-drops of the night,
And in their sunlit beauty tell
Thy praise when tolls the Sabbath Bell.

I listen to a grand refrain,
I try to sing, but, in vain,
For memory within her cell
Weeps listening to a Sabbath Bell.
A Sabbath bell—a holy chime
In the far off dear olden time
When angels walked the earth with me
And with me dreamed beside the sea.

O blessed Lord! O love divine!
Revive this joyless soul of mine
And grant that I for aye my dwell
Where dear friends ring thy Sabbath Bell.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

Within this bright enamelled shell
My Mary lived some twenty years.
Now love itself can hardly tell
That she is dead, but by its tears.

The curtains of her eyes are closed,
Her lips no longer are apart,
Never could life be so composed
Nor pulseless her true, living heart.

Mary, I listen for thy sigh,
I long to hear the words unsaid,
I speak, but there is no reply.
And now I know that thou art dead.

Can the rare beauty that she wore
End thus in death? Can love and truth
Be lost to me for evermore—
And lost the sweet grace of her youth?

It cannot be, I see her now,
Upon my cheek I feel her breath.
Her cold lips press my throbbing brow,
She whispers me: "There is no death."

There is no death, O message sweet
From the bright spirit-land above,
And still we live, and we shall meet
As first we met in truthful love.

AT MY COTTAGE WINDOW.

DEDICATED TO MRS. MATILDA S. HOLLISTER.

At my cottage window here,
  This sweet holy Sabbath day,
Listening to the singing birds
  In the wildwoods, blithe and gay,
Joyfully my soul goes out
  To green glade and swelling hill,
And sweet thoughts like angels bright,
  My poor heart with rapture fill.

Never was a clearer morn,
  Nowhere such a lovely scene,
Cloudless the blue sky above,
  Nature in her richest sheen,
There is music in the air,
  Voices heard of old I hear,
And my soul exultant cries:
  Glory ! glory ! He is here.

Hours at my cottage window
  Fleeting moments are to me
Shadows of bright thoughts flying
  Across the soul's tranquil sea.
Silence, sweet child of heaven,
  Is praying in her bowers
While hummingbirds are kissing
  The lips of blushing flowers.

Never was a milder eve,
  Never calmer hours than this,
Green earth and blue sky blending
  In an ectasy of bliss.
The vesper star has risen
  In wondrous beauty bright,
Singing this strain of glory:
  "In heaven there is no night."

God bless the green sunny glades.
  May he bless the grand old hills,
Bless the singing, bright home streams
  And the ever joyous rills.
Freedom has no fairer home,
  Religion no purer shrine
Than our noble mountain State
  And this happy home of mine.

REST.

There is an allotted time of rest for all things wisely decreed by God. Youth requires rest from its capricious enjoyments, and old age sighs as it totters down the descent of life for rest—sweet rest. The mind when weary calls

to its bosom the spirit of vision, and gently rests.

I am old and claim the privilege of age, to dream strange dreams of fields and streams far away in the valley of my youth. The reality of the past has faded into a beautiful fantasy, but the ideals of boyhood will be yet realized where truth and love can know no change. And I—I too crave rest.

If I have written in these Wayside Thoughts anything that seems deserving of censure, I have not done so willfully; and as long as I please my own judgment, I am satisfied. These thoughts are mine and the sneer of criticism cannot lessen them in my regard.

Other thoughts will occupy my mind in the future. I am nearing the dividing line between time and eternity. I love to linger in the cemetery of buried dreams and hopes, waiting for their resurrection, and while waiting I may be called from the wayside to find them in the land of eternal peace and rest.

PAT KENNY.

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